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Sports Illustrated

LET ME HELP YOUR GAME

A NEW SERIES BY GOLF'S FAMED TEACHER
CLAUDE HARMON



AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!

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SCOTCH WHISKY



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Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" pages appear only in the copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that go to our friends in the advertising business

memo

TO ADVERTISERS **FROM STEPHEN E. KELLY**

APRIL 27, 1964

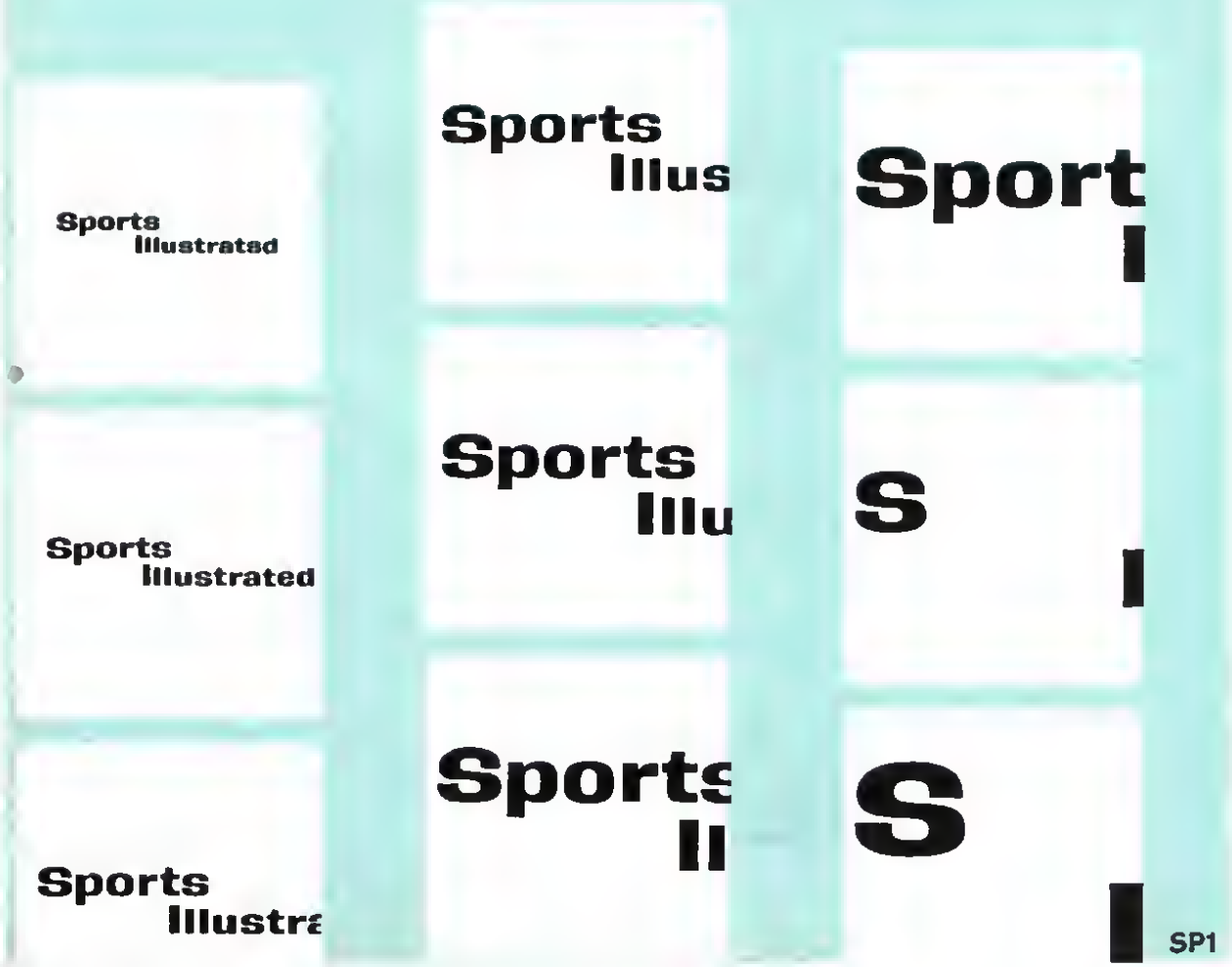
Recently George Gribbin, chairman of the board of Young & Rubicam, gave a talk before the Advertising Club of Pittsburgh. Called "Renaissance Man and Advertising Man," it drew parallels between the people who lived at the time of the Renaissance and many people he is acquainted with in the world of advertising today. Two characteristics he cited in common were: "a restless curiosity and a powerful drive to fulfill (their) whole human potential."

"So be a modern Renaissance Man," Mr. Gribbin said. "Read widely. Look at everything you can. Go to the movies. Go to burlesque. Venture. Gamble. Travel. Get on a bus as well as a jet. Don't just play golf. Get your hands dirty on weekends. Trap shoot. Crap shoot. Do some bird watching. Do some girl watching. Live it up.

"If you play bridge, try a night of beer and poker. If you collect butterflies, get a pair of skis. If you ski a lot, try the bowling alley."

Mr. Gribbin's exhortation put me in mind of a lot of *our* friends in the advertising business, who seem already to have taken Mr. Gribbin's advice. Or, perhaps more properly, they might well be the very models on which he based his tboughts.

And his remarks also put me in mind of SI's readers. SI is addressed to men and wo-



men with wide ranging tastes, a breadth of interest, a savor not only for sports but many other pursuits besides.

SI's readers come to it for enlightenment, entertainment, fine reading and a aophisticated point of view. Aa people of education and curiosity, thcy think and act like people of education and curiosity—with an appreciation of all that is interesting and vital in life.

And this is the way our editors think of, and write to, our readers: as many-faceted familiea senaitive and receptive to concepts and ideas of many kinds.

To show the various facets of SI familiea where such characteristics are evinced by actual audience statistics, SI and its agency, Young & Rubicam (it's Mr. Gribbin's, too), have produced the current SI advertising campaign you have been seeing in newspapers, trade journals and other magazines. It's the campaign which uses the (we hope by now) familiar symbol you see developed graphically across the pages of thia memo, step by step, from the *Sports Illustrated* logotype.

This symbol, and the campaign of which it is the nucleus, was created under the supervision of a man whom Mr. Gribbin, in his "Renaissance Man" talk, characterized like this:

"We (at Y&R) have an account supervisor, still to reach his middle years, who started as a magazine editor, went to Hollywood as a screenwriter and waa skillful enough to win an Oscar. He came to us two years ago, as an

(continued on back flap of this insart)



Volume 20, Number 17

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, publishad weakly by TIME Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ava., Chicago, Ill. 60611, excapt ona issue at yaar and. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorizad as second class mail by tha Post Offica Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for paymant of postage in cash U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $7.00 a year. This issua publishad in national and saparata aditions. Additional pages of separate editions numbared or allowed for as follows: Eastern, E1-E12; Midwestern, MW1 MW4; Westarn, MW1-MW4, Special, SP1-SP4.



What a man should know when he switches to cigar smoking

1. The correct way to light a cigar.
Use a match but don't touch it to the cigar. Hold the lighted match ½ to ¾ of an inch away from the cigar and draw the flame to the cigar end. This method lights the end evenly and prevents match fumes from entering the cigar and affecting the true taste.

2. You don't have to inhale to enjoy a cigar.
The big majority of cigar smokers find that the good taste of cigar tobacco comes to them without inhaling. That's because cigar tobacco is smoking tobacco in its most enjoyable form. Cigar tobacco is *aged* for years to achieve its unique mildness and better taste.

3. How to add to your cigar smoking pleasure.
Smoking a cigar is a relaxing pleasure, not a nervous habit. You can enjoy a cigar anytime, but right after lunch or dinner is a particularly good time. Light one up. Puff slowly. Enjoy the aroma. Sit back and relax. It's all a part of cigar enjoyment. (Hint: Don't continually flick the ash off. A half inch or so of ash makes for cooler smoking.)

4. What shape of cigar to start with?
We recommend a White Owl Miniature. It's slim and easy to handle. It goes well with any shape of face. Later on you might choose a larger cigar. If so, White Owl offers you a complete selection.

5. Why smoke a White Owl Miniature?
The White Owl Miniature is long enough to satisfy you completely, yet short enough to smoke when time is precious. The aroma is welcome in any social setting. Yes, a man can always smoke a White Owl Miniature. The tobaccos in the White Owl Miniature are aged to give you an unusual degree of mildness not found in other cigars. And, of course, there's the famous White Owl taste . . . the taste that has made White Owl a favorite of cigar smokers for generations.

6. Extra enjoyment among cigar smokers.
The conviviality of cigar smoking builds a bond between men. The Chinese called tobacco "the herb of amiability"—and cigars are *fine tobacco.* Cigars also have status. For centuries they have been the favorites of kings, presidents and prime ministers.

A word to women.
A good cigar can calm a man down, relax him, settle his thoughts, make your life more enjoyable. Cigars always make good presents for the man in your life. As John Galsworthy said, "By the cigars they smoke, and the composers they love, ye shall know the texture of men's souls."

Pack of five—28¢



In the New Royal Red and White pack.



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Simca 1000 joins Valiant, Plymouth, Dodge, Chrysler, and Imperial in carrying a 5-year/50,000-mile warranty*

It covers parts that could turn other cars with shorter warranties into expensive propositions: vital drive train parts, vital engine parts. It pays for replacement parts and labor.

No other economy import's warranty on these parts lasts even half as long as the warranty on Simca 1000.

What kind of car rates this protection? A family car with sports car features: Porsche synchronizers, 4 forward speeds, 4-wheel independent suspension; a 50-hp rear engine. And more. Test drive one today at your local Simca dealer's. **Only $1595.**"

***ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN WARRANTY COVERAGE:** Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants all of the following vital parts of the Simca 1000 for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material or workmanship will be replaced or repaired at an Authorized Simca Dealer's place of business without charge for such parts or labor: engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, Trans-Axle parts and rear wheel bearings.

HERE'S ALL YOU MUST DO: Give your car this normal care—change engine oil and retorque the cylinder head at first 600 miles and thereafter change engine oil every 3 months or every 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; clean oil separator every 6 months (spring and fall); clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every 2 years; and clean the crankcase ventilator valve, oil filler cap and change Trans-Axle lubricant every 6 months or 6,000 miles, whichever comes first, AND every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to an Authorized Simca Dealer or other Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. Simple enough for such important protection.

"Manufacturer's suggested retail price East Coast POE including heater, excluding state and local taxes, if any, and destination charges. Whitewalls optional, extra.

SIMCA DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

Contents

APRIL 27, 1964 *Volume 20 No. 17*
Cover painting by Robert Handville

22 Happy Start for a Happy New Willie
Free of some old problems, Willie Mays hit home runs all through the first week of the season

28 The Tyranny of the Little Men
Scrambling for the best Derby mounts, our top riders prove that racing is now a jockeys' game

30 Flight of a White Stallion
The famous Lipizzans perform brilliantly at the opening of an unprecedented American tour

38 Let Me Help Your Game (Part I)
Claude Harmon, a Masters champion and renowned golf teacher, says you should hit curves, and shows how

48 Color of the Cup Final
No sports event moves the English more than the soccer final. In color: the day for royalty and commoners

54 'I'm the Worst That's Ever Been'
So claims young Milt Pappas, who has learned to control most of his pitches—but just some of his brashness

76 Exaltation at the Smokehole
In a lovely West Virginia gorge, two men in a canoe grow careless and come perilously close to nature

The departments

14 Scorecard
64 People
66 Horse Racing
72 Rowing
89 For the Record
91 19th Hole



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Acknowledgements on page 89

Next week

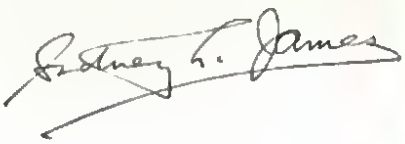
THE KENTUCKY DERBY preview features color photographs of the top contenders in their important tests on the road to Louisville, plus Whit Tower's last-minute analysis.

LIFT A ROCK in the woods, fields or your own garden and you will discover a strange new world. Naturalist John Terres discusses the habits of the tiny creatures that live under rocks.

THE TRANSISTOR KID is one name for Vin Scully, the Dodger broadcaster. Many fans bring radios to the games to follow him. Robert Creamer explains Scully's popularity.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



"The most frustrating thing to a golf teacher," begins Claude Harmon on page 38 of this issue, "is to realize how many men—and women, too—could play the game much better without devoting any more time to it than they already do." Harmon, a professor of golf so well regarded by his peers that a good many of them address him simply as "Pro," then shows in 10 pages of words and drawings how SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers can cut strokes from their scores—and even makes it sound agreeably easy. Our visiting professor will complete his "Let Me Help Your Game" *in Part II next week.*

The idea of bringing Claude Harmon to readers who would otherwise miss his instruction—unless they were members of New York's Winged Foot Golf Club or of Thunderbird at Palm Springs—has been growing for a while in the head of SI Senior Editor Alfred Wright. "The library of golf," says Wright, "is beautifully stocked with the counsel and advice of the finest tournament golfers of a generation or so—at least of those reflective enough to know how in the world they produce their own good shots and articulate enough to tell somebody else. But the weekend golfer—the man who plays only 20 or 30 rounds a year and isn't going to have time for more than that—may be equally entitled to the counsel of the teacher-type pro: the specialist who puts in eight hours a day, six days a week dealing with duffers."



PUPIL DAVE MARR WITH PROFESSOR HARMON

Although Claude Harmon once traveled the pro circuit himself (he won the Masters green jacket in 1948), he has been essentially a teacher throughout his career. Harmon began teaching at 20, working as an assistant to such men as Harry Cooper and Ky Laffoon and *later as Craig Wood's helper at Winged* Foot. Since those days he has made mature tournament golfers out of some of his own assistants: Jack Burke Jr., Mike Souchak, Shelley Mayfield and Dave Marr (who tied Jack Nicklaus for second at Augusta the other day). He can be called the pro's pro, too, for a fair number of other pros come to Harmon for analysis when elements of their own game drift off.

Wright offered Harmon our thesis about the weekend golfer. Would Harmon think about it in a generic sort of way and condense his teaching of individual weekenders into a couple of issues of SI? Yes, said Harmon—and his aim would be to cut 10 or a dozen strokes from all of our scorecards. It was further agreed between Harmon and Wright that the instruction would fall into two parts: how to hit the ball with control (this week) and how to play the short game (next week).

The most startling thing that Claude has to say this week is that golf is not a game of straight lines, as one is usually taught. He says that whoever hopes to score up to his best must learn to bend the ball from right to left and left to right, and further asserts that any golfer who is reasonably sane and fit can learn this with ease. As usual here, the invitation is to read on.

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Le Québec la belle province, vous invite Si vous aimez l'atmosphère historique la gaîté et la joie de vivre les charmes de la nature, la cuisine (ah! la bonne cuisine française!) la photographie, les sports ...vous aimerez le Québec! Et au Québec, pas de problèmes: pas d'océan à traverser, pas de passeports, pas de monnaies compliquées, et tout le confort moderne On parle français et anglais, et partout on parle le langage de l'hospitalité Pour des vacances magnifiques, visitez le Québec ! Au revoir et bienvenue!

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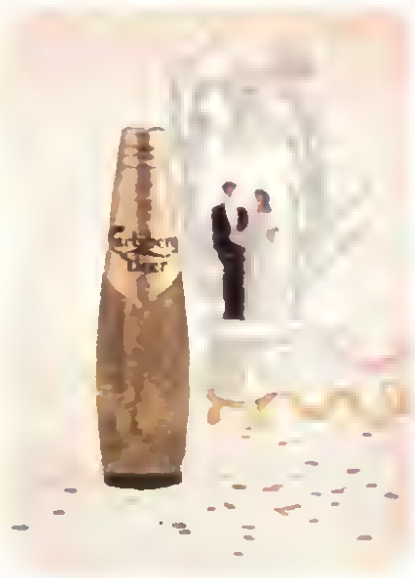
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and Carlsberg. Skål!



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Whatever the celebration—big or little—Carlsberg helps.

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Carlsberg is especially appropriate for celebrations now, in its graceful new sculptured bottle. Ask for it at good hotels, restaurants and fine stores in 159 countries and at the New York World's Fair. Insist on Carlsberg—the glorious beer of Copenhagen. Each time you drink it—it's a celebration.



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SHOPWALK

Gerry Mountain Sports, Inc. designs, makes, and sells climbing equipment

When members of the American Everest expedition arrived in the Himalayas last spring, they found that they needed more parkas in a hurry. No one had a moment's doubt as to what to do. Expedition leaders simply cabled Gerry, one of America's best-known suppliers of mountaineering gear, in Boulder, Colo. A shipment of 60-odd parkas was quickly on its way.

The puffy-looking parka in the drawing below represents a typical Gerry (pronounced Jerry) effort to keep a climber warm in the bitterest conditions. The parka, called the Andean model, is made from tough, bright-red Parbat Ripstop nylon, the same type of material used in parachutes. It is stuffed with a pound or so of white northern



HENRY KOEHLER

goose down. Down is the most compressible of all insulation materials, and fewer ounces of the fluffy stuff are required for a specific thickness of insulation. Thus, the bulky Andean parka, which has an average thickness of 2½ inches of down, can easily be packed in a 5-by-10-inch cylindrical sack.

The Andean parka has several other cold-weather advantages which make it an excellent buy at $60: a tunnellike hood that fends off the wind; a double set of zippers that permit the climber to pull his arms inside the garment for night sleeping; and a bivouac seat which unsnaps from the inside to swing down as a snow seat. The entire parka weighs 2¾ pounds—about as much as a cotton raincoat. Though it was designed for mountain climbing, its makers believe the parka would also be a good one for ice fishermen. The fur

continued

FM Transistorized

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Tel. WA9 7641

Toshiba
QUALITY SINCE 1875

ruff is optional at extra cost. Gerry has several types: Polar wolf ($11); polar wolf trimmed in wolverine ($14.50); and wolverine ($17). The shop recommends wolverine because it sheds frost best.

Gerry has quite an assortment of down-insulated garments—all made in the tiny factory next to the downtown Boulder store. "We are not as conscious of style as we are of quality—our ski jacket has not really changed in four years," says Sales Manager Bob Swartz. Nevertheless, the company's classic ski parka is showing all the signs of becoming a national fad. Skiers in places like Vail and Aspen have latched onto the jackets (at a time when style-minded skiers are sneering at ordinary box quilts) as a badge of proficiency in technique. They call them "Gerry jackets." The store stocks them in black, blue, green and beige. The cost is $55.

Gerry also makes sleeping bags—for people and, on request, for dogs. One was made last year for a shivering, short-haired dachshund about to embark on a winter camping trip in the Midwest. Says Swartz, "It resembled a giant hamburger bun, about 3 feet in diameter with a 2-foot opening on the side." A dog can climb in and circle about the way dogs do for a comfortable bed, Swartz explains. The bag had a waterproof nylon bottom, and it was chockful of prime northern goose down. It cost $35.

For campers who prefer to bring along their wives instead of their dogs, Gerry will make up a king-sized double sleeping bag. They can cost up to $200, depending upon the size. But the most popular are mummy-shaped bags, which range in price and warmth from a summer sleeper, the Rocky Mountain, $55, to the Himalayan, $96.25, that is indeed meant for Himalayan temperatures.

The firm makes a variety of tents but is most proud of its Himalayan high-altitude tent which saw service on Sir Edmund Hillary's Mt. Everest climb in 1953 and the American conquest last year. "Our tents were used on the American assault from the West Ridge, and they were the last ones to blow away," says Gerry Cunningham, the firm's founder and chief designer.

Gerry also has plenty of equipment for more workaday purposes than mountain climbing—for instance, a "Pleatseat" for a tot-toting mother. It is a simple canvas shoulder strap in which the baby straddles its mother's hips. New York department stores think it a great idea for World's Fairgoers, and some are buying Pleatseats by the gross. Gerry sells the purse-sized sling for $2.

The Gerry catalogue lists hundreds of items for the climber—mostly hardware, knickers, ropes and ice axes—and the shop displays much of the gear on its pegboarded walls. Requests for the Gerry catalogue should be addressed to Gerry, Box 910, Boulder, Colo. 80301.

—PAUL STEWART



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Come home with us to Nice
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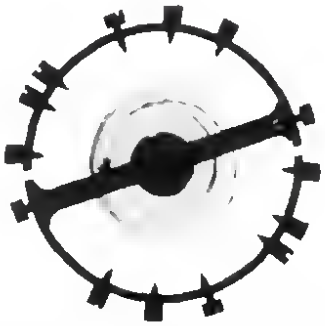


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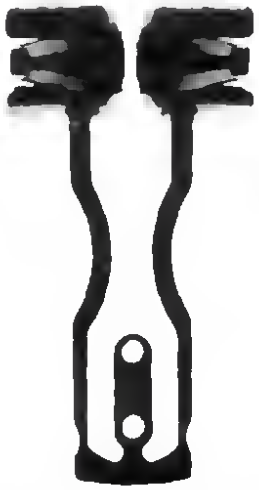
Which tastes better... bottled or draught?

(now you've got us over a barrel)

The Accutron Story



Old-fashioned balance wheel is still used in all wind, self-wind, and electric watches. It is not used in the Accutron movement.



Accutron tuning fork keeps virtually perfect time and comes with the first guarantee of accuracy ever given.

We don't call it a watch.

All the parts that make a watch fast or slow have been left out. (The Accutron movement doesn't even tick. It hums. Hold it to your ear. It's eerie.)

But let's answer the big question first. What kind of time does it keep?

Here are 2 statements that no regular watch has ever dared make:

1. We guarantee average daily accuracy within *2 seconds.** (In fact, 1 second or none at all are more common!)

2. And what's more, this is the accuracy this timepiece will keep for life.

You can see why the United States now uses the Accutron movement instead of conventional timing devices in satellites.

(And why the Air Force *issues* it to all X-15 pilots. Many owners use it for celestial navigation.)

The secret lies in the vibrations of a fine tuning fork. 360 of them a second.

(A regular watch only splits a second into 5 parts.)

This principle not only accounts for the time the Accutron movement will keep. It also frees this timepiece from all the mechanical changes that occur to a regular watch.

One speck of dust or congealed watch oil, for instance, can throw your present watch off as much as several minutes a day. So can a worn balance wheel, staff, screw or spring.

These things do not affect Accutron time at all.

In fact, this timepiece only has 12 moving parts—and the only thing you ever have to replace is the battery. (And the battery lasts at least a year.)

In short, you can forget about the usual cleaning bills and the cost of new parts—just as you can forget checking your time to see if it's right.

(Owners have even told us they find it a little strange, being this sure of *anything* these days.)



Accutron is a Bulova development. The "212" model shown, $135 plus tax. Other models from $125 plus tax.
*Your Accutron jeweler will adjust time to this tolerance if necessary. Guarantee is for one full year.

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1939. The World's Fair opened in New York. New England Life was in its 105th year.



If you were born in 1939 . . .

These figures show how you can accumulate more dollars than you pay for New England Life insurance.

Your father blinked. And the Trylon and Perisphere of 1939 became the Unisphere of 1964. With another blink, today's young man on the move will be deep in family and career responsibilities. Cash-value life insurance, established now when you're 25, will become a strong financial asset for you then.

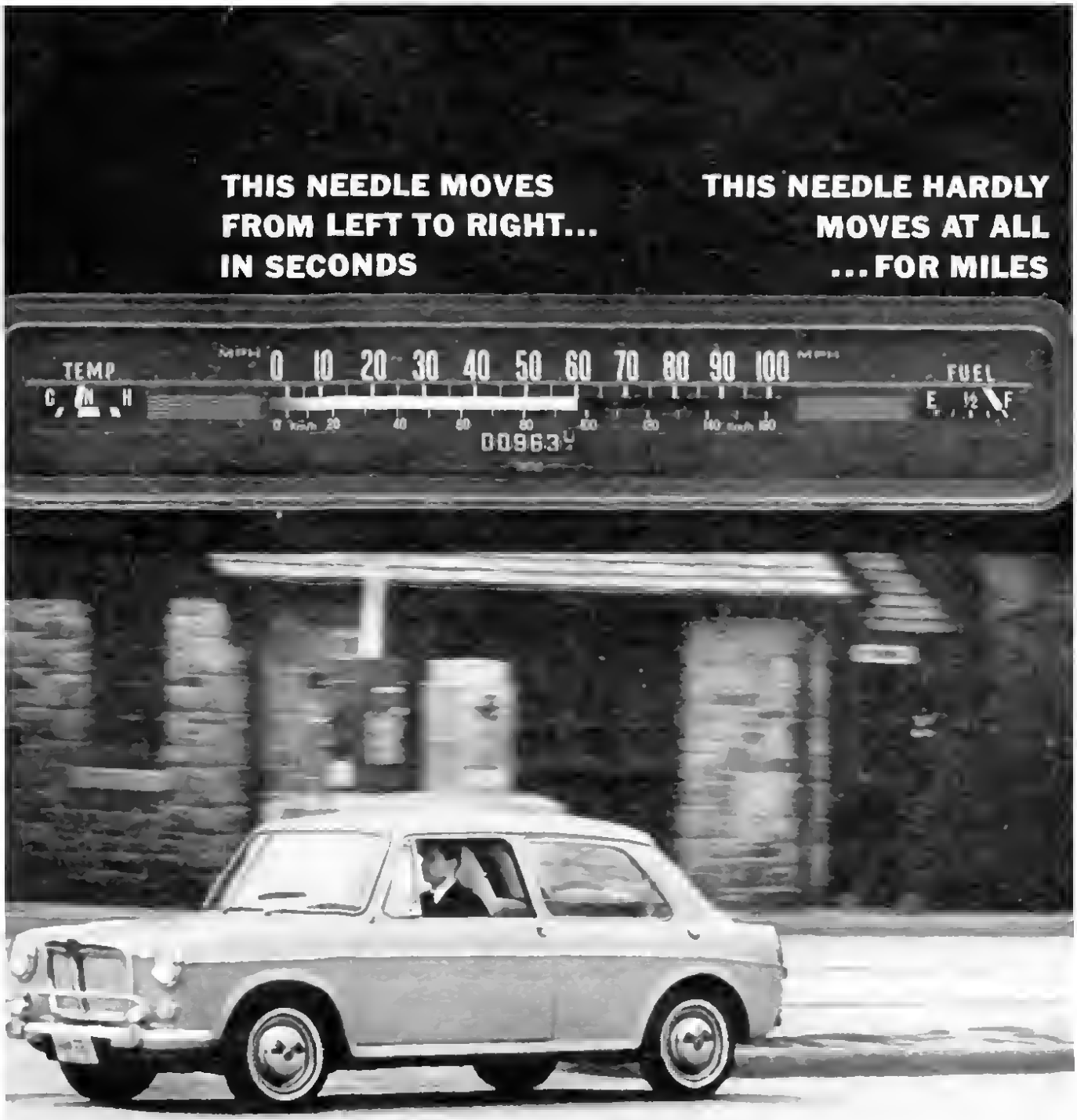
For several reasons this is an ideal time to act. At your age premium payments are low, yet with a New England Life policy you can end up taking out several thousand dollars more than you put in—even if your dividends are used to buy additional protection.

Say you buy a $20,000 policy now. Then assume you use the dividends to build up additional protection automatically through the years (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is $23,965. But premium payments total only $13,808. So all the dollars you put in and *$10,157 more* can be yours at retirement. At the same time, the policy's protection value has risen from $20,000 to $35,905!

Here's what to do right now, whatever year you were born. Write for more complete information and tell us your birthday. We'll reply by mail and include our new DIAL-A-YEAR, which gives insurance figures plus events and personalities from 1920 through 1939. Write Dept. 3S, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.

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With an MG Sports Sedan you not only cruise effortlessly at turnpike speed you are driving one of the most economical cars on the road 30 miles or more per gal lon. Hardly ever needs servicing. And designed to stay in style year after year
The new liquid suspension system, which never needs a nickel's worth of attention, will be as good at 100,000 miles as the day it's bought. In fact, it's proved to be such a major engineering breakthrough that a new racing car—the MG Liquid Suspension Special—was built around it for this year's Indianapolis "500" on Memorial Day.
Only three words to say about the engine: *It's an MG* It's mounted crosswise rather than lengthwise, leaving 80% of the car for people. Loads of room for five, plus shelf-space front and rear for all those things that accumulate when the wife and kids are aboard Visibility that tells you fully where you've been and where you're going. Big disc brakes that stop fast without fade
There is also a surprisingly large trunk
Front-wheel drive, combined with the liquid suspension, gives you the most sure-footed ride on wheels—with flat cornering, wonderful handling, and less tire wear. Helps make this economy minded car the unique machine it is.

There are over 1,000 MG dealers in the U S and Canada. Find the one nearest to you, and test drive the Sports Sedan Then ask the price and discover you can easily afford it.

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$1898.00*

[illegible]

This Ad is about fashionable comfort in T-shirts



8 a.m. Starting a business day means dress shirt. Best beneath it—the smooth fitting, round neck Munsingwear T-shirt. $1.50



2 p.m. Tee-off time means an open neck sport shirt. Best beneath it—the sleeveless V-neck (doesn't show) Munsingwear T-shirt. $1.50



5 p.m. Relax at the nineteenth hole, in closed neck, short sleeve shirt. Best beneath it—the Munsingwear sleeveless round neck T-shirt. $1.50



8 p.m. Home, at ease, in open neck sweater shirt. Best beneath it—the Munsingwear V-neck T-shirt with sleeves. $1.50



Never thought about fashion in T-shirts? Time you did! Munsingwear thinks about it for you. Makes all the styles you need for coordinating your wardrobe of shirts. Adds special comfort features such as Nyla-rib never-sag neckbands, permanently Stay-blyzed fit.* Have a wardrobe of styles like the model in this ad, wearing a V-neck T-shirt with his Munsingwear sport shirt. See how fashionable comfort can be?

**less than 1% length shrinkage by Govt. Std. Test 7550 (-CCC-T-191b)*

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Fine Bootmakers Since 1876



You'll never lose it in a parking lot.

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You don't have to tie a handkerchief to the aerial to find your way back.

But we didn't make it stick up just to make it stand out.

We made it that way simply because it made sense.

When you make a wagon that tall, it will hold more. Almost twice as much, in fact, as conventional wagons.

And when you put the engine in the rear, you can lop off the hood and have four feet less wagon to park.

There's also less gas to buy. (You should average about 24 miles per gallon.)

And absolutely no antifreeze. Our engine is air-cooled.

But what's really nice is that something so flagrantly practical is such fun to drive.

Even on a routine trip to the supermarket.

O.K. So you stick out a little. Maybe it's time?



New Honeywell Electronic Air Cleaner removes up to 95% of airborne dust and pollen

Out comes clean air to fill your home . . . to help free your wife from daily dusting and cut your cleaning bills. The Honeywell "whole-house" Electronic Air Cleaner fits in the return air duct of any forced air heating—cooling system, removing up to 95%* of the pollen and other particles passing through it.

The air in your home contains millions of impurities. You only see the larger particles of dust that settle on table tops and shelves. But, the smaller invisible particles—over 90% of the total: the pollen, soot, smoke, cooking grease, bacteria and industrial wastes do most of the *real* damage.

They may cause discomfort, soil furniture and draperies, put a dingy haze on windows and leave white areas or "ghosts" lurking behind pictures. The Honeywell Electronic Air Cleaner is highly efficient when it comes to catching these smaller particles—the ones that can pass right through ordinary filters.

You'll notice the difference! Your family will enjoy purer air. Mirrors, windows, walls and furnishings will stay and look cleaner. You'll save on cleaning bills. Your wife won't throw away her dust cloth—no air cleaner can remove particles that settle *before* they enter the system. But her dusting time *will* be reduced.

Get the benefits of the same filtering system used extensively in hospitals. On a 3-year FHA loan, it can cost as little as $14.38 a month, installed. In a new home, it may be included in the mortgage for under $2.00 per month.

If you don't have a forced air system or are renting a home, the Honeywell Portable Electronic Air Cleaner could be your answer. Ideal for the office, too.

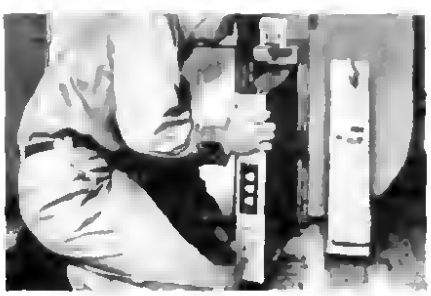
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Honeywell



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SCORECARD

PUSH VS. PULL

The Trenton (N.J.) 100-mile national championship race bills itself as an Indianapolis "500" preview. This year's Brickyard curtain raiser offered more than stars and speed. There was a subplot: the drama of front- vs. rear-engine championship race cars. Both develop roughly the same power and, as 1961 Indy winner A. J. Foyt insists, "That little old engine don't know whether it is pushing you or pulling you." So the intrigue centers more on design (the rear-engine cars present a lower, faster silhouette), weight (the rear-engine cars average 300 pounds lighter) and maneuverability (the argument goes, hotly, both ways here). The Trenton preview, then, presented an advance look at what is certain to become a wonderful gang fight at Indianapolis.

The antagonists at Trenton were Foyt, generally accepted as a traditionalist front-engine man, against Rodger Ward, two-time Indy winner (he was a front man in those days himself) who is now a fervent convert to the rear-engine cars. Unfortunately, their test was not uncluttered.

Before a rainstorm slicked the track and interrupted the race at the 39-lap mark, Foyt and Ward ran 1 and 2 ahead of everybody (with Ward gaining slightly on each lap, perhaps), providing ammunition for both fore- and aft-engine loyalists. Then Ward ran into a snarl of spinning racers and bumped the side of his car. Not wanting to risk further injury to the Indy car, he voted not to continue. That gave the race to Foyt—who won in a burst of track records—but it did even more toward heightening the intrigue. The racing world now waits for the other motorized shoe to drop at Indy. In the May 30 runaround Ward may be able to prove his point.

SEAGOING LOCHINVAR

For more than a century racing for the America's Cup has been controlled primarily by Britons, Bostonians and New Yorkers. The ritual called for one new challenger and at least one new contender for the defense. The rest of the world played golf. The pattern was broken in 1962 by Australia's bold and nearly successful challenge. This year Australia is backing a British boat, but the defense has been proceeding routinely. New York sedulously ordered two new boats while Boston thriftily dusted off a 1962 model to make an untidy threesome for the defense trials. Then, from out of the West, came Thomas Patrick Dougan, unknown, unannounced, to deal himself in at the last minute. With a mere handful of change (about $250,000) Dougan bought 6-year-old *Columbia*, and with her a readymade opportunity to defend the cup.

Whether they wear blue blazers or buckskins, we welcome the pioneers. The hand at the helm should not be governed by ritual but by the wind. And it is a fresh wind that blows out of the West.

A MOVE TO SPECTATORITIS

Perhaps no state produces more fine athletes than California—a tribute, no doubt, to a salubrious year-round climate and a geography that entices the individual to everything from skiing to surfing. Some of the state's sporting prowess may be due also to a school system requirement that one hour a day be given to physical education.

Now that daily hour is threatened. There is a move afoot to have shorter physical education periods (11 minutes has been mentioned) or perhaps have the hour-long period only one or two days a week. Furthermore, a committee of the Southern Section of the California Interscholastic Federation proposes a rule that would prohibit high school athletes from participating in organized sport between August 15 and the start of the school year one month later. "This would enable parents to take their youngsters on vacations and would give high school athletes a breather before the beginning of school in the fall," the committee explains.

Perhaps, but it does seem high-handed of the federation to tell a parent that his son cannot play on a camp or playground team or compete for his YMCA or country club. As Albert Schoenfield, editor of *Swimming World*, protests to us, "If the schools feel that a boy is too deep in athletics, then it would be best that they impose restrictions while he is in school under their control."

As for the shortened physical education period, one hopes phys ed teachers will express their views. President Kennedy left them some formidable arguments in favor of more, not less, physical education.

FOR WANT OF A FRIEND

The ease with which Cassius Clay, heavyweight champion of the world, flunked his Army induction tests has caused some to doubt and, on the other hand, some to admire, his mental ability. Willie Mays, who went through it all, too, has other thoughts.

"Cassius, he's no dope," Mays holds. "You make more money outside the Army."

Then Mays reminisced about his own experience with the strange ways of military induction.

"I took my physical down in Birmingham," he said. "I passed that real easy. Then they gave me the written tests. There was this big sergeant standing there next to me all the time I was taking the examinations. I'd write down an answer



and he'd tap me and shake his head. I'd write down another one and he'd shake his head. He just waited until I had the right answer written down.

"I guess Cassius didn't have no friendly sergeant around."

SILENT RIVER

The day after the death of Rachel Carson, author of *Silent Spring*, the dramatic warning against the persistency of some pesticides, the Senate subcommittee in-

continued

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vestigating Miss Carson's charges heard Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman admit that jurisdictional jealousies among government bureaucracies have prolonged the indiscriminate use of dangerous chemicals.

Specific case at issue was the poisoned lower Mississippi River, from St. Louis to New Orleans, where some five million fish have died in the last year. Early last winter the Public Health Service found evidence that endrin, a long-lived toxic pesticide that washes off cropland into rivers, had in all probability poisoned the fish. The Department of Agriculture, which is supposed to control dangerous pesticides, did not learn of this until the final public report, which definitely implicated endrin, was released March 19. Even now, however, the department continues to register endrin as a pesticide.

Hoping to end the long-standing squabble among the Department of Agriculture, the Public Health Service, the Department of the Interior and the Food and Drug Administration over control of pesticides, the President's Science Advisory Committee got the agencies to draw up an agreement for formal exchange of information last spring. That agreement was finally signed into effect only two weeks ago. Why the delay? "Because of the usual pulling, tugging and hauling that goes on between government departments," said Freeman.

Despite the possibility that pesticides like endrin can be used safely, their control is scarcely a matter to be entrusted to farmers and pharmaceutical manufacturers. The responsibility lies in the hands of government for the protection of all the people and all the people's resources. Certainly, sooner or later, safe pesticides and safe methods of their use will be developed and their employment, one hopes, will be restricted to the elimination of genuinely obnoxious pests. Bureaucrats, for instance.

THE PONO SURFERS

With all the records and statistics compiled these days, it is hard to believe that a new sport could be born without someone recording date and place of birth, and names of proud parents. But it has happened. The sport of waking—riding a surfboard in the wake of a powerboat—was born at some vague time in the past 10 years, probably in southern California. Marge Calhoun, who won the 1958 international women's surfing





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[illegible] Malibu Beach, remembers riding wakes [illegible] or 10 years ago, but insists others preceded her. Whenever it began, the sport is now spreading from the West Coast to inland lakes and rivers far from the sound of surf.

Waking is easier to learn than riding natural waves. Start lying down, holding onto a tow line and, once underway, get to your feet in a leisurely manner. When the board takes the energy of the wake, cast off. A speed of seven or eight knots is probably enough.

No modern waker riding a small, artificial wave can expect to achieve the reputation of the old natural surfers like Duke Kahanamoku, who, according to the legends that still swirl around him, once rode a wave one mile from the outside break at Waikiki clean through the lobby of the Moana Hotel and onto Kalakaua Avenue.

WALL STREET ON THE BALL

The Wall Street Journal, always alert to trends in business, reports that there has just arrived on the Manhattan market a new kind of liquid-center golf ball. The liquid is Scotch and it is held to be "inspirational." The *Journal* also notes that Cartier's Paris store sells a solid gold ball for testing caviar. If the ball sinks when placed on a mound of caviar, send the stuff back. The ball should float.

MUSH FOR TOURISTS

For hardy tourists who like to stretch winter out until the end of June, a dog team travel service has been opened in Churchill, Man., making round-trip tours from the Hudson's Bay seaport of Churchill to Fort Prince of Wales, a historic site about three miles across the rocky, frozen mouth of the Churchill River. For $5 an adult and child can ride in the same sled and make a 2½-hour round trip drawn by five dogs.

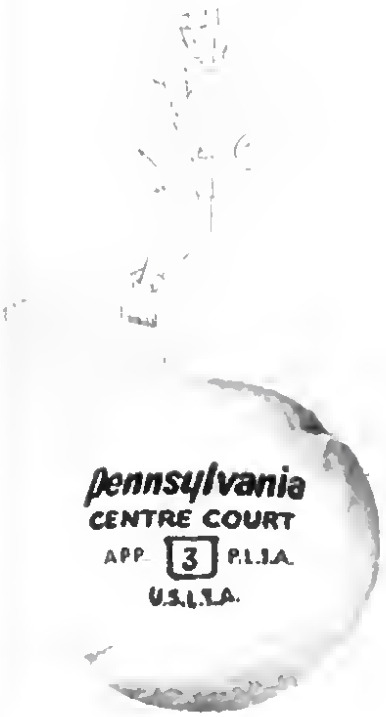
The sleds are available only on weekends, when the teams would otherwise be laid up from trapping. And there is no need to worry about breaking through the ice, since it does not go out of the harbor until late June.

THE SPICE OF VARIETY

Training for many sports is drudgery, and the best *that can* be said for it is that it toughens the soul. It adds little, though, to the athlete's appreciation of the joy that may be achieved in sport. Within recent days a couple of authorities have suggested that some sports can



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complement each other and, through variety, end the monotony.

Thus Johnny Dee, the new Notre Dame basketball coach, has started a boxing program for his squad. The idea is that boxing lessons, apart from giving the basketball player a new talent, will improve his footwork, balance and speed of hand. And it just might help players take better care of themselves in today's free-swinging basketball, in which the new international rules permit more and more body contact, especially under the boards.

Going along with Dee in principle is Art Guepe, former football coach at Virginia and Vanderbilt, now commissioner of the Ohio Valley Conference. He suggests that lacrosse, played in the spring, would break up the monotony of football training but keep players in sharp condition.

"During the last 10 years," says Guepe, "the fun has disappeared from football for the boys. By the time the players are seniors, they're fed up with the game."

Not so fed up are their coaches, who, seeking perfection, insist on what amounts to football all year long.

"Actually," Guepe answers, "I don't think it would hurt one bit to abolish spring training and play lacrosse instead. If all schools quit spring practice or some of the conditioning and other drills, teams might not be as polished, but who'd know the difference?"

Scarcely anyone.

HIGHWAY HUNTING

It will astonish many a hunter to learn that the number of deer killed by automobiles on U.S. highways each year exceeds 70,000. The figure was arrived at in a survey of state conservation departments undertaken by Fred Thompson of New Mexico's Department of Game and Fish. The highest estimate, 24,000 annually, was given by New York. Pennsylvania reported 12,153 deer killed by cars in 1963.

Not a great deal is being done (except putting up "Deer Crossing" signs) to prevent the killings. A few states use culverts as underpasses on migration routes, with game fences to divert deer into the underpasses.

Thompson recommends that the "Deer Crossing" signs be augmented by markers advising motorists of the distance over which deer may be expected on the

continued

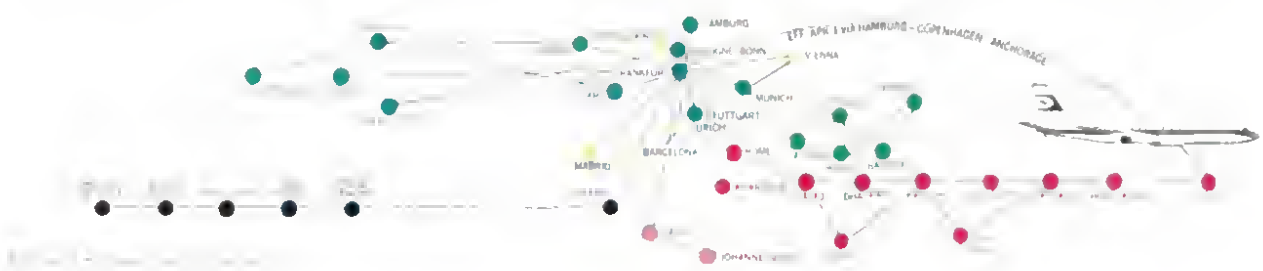


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highway. He also says that salt, when used on highways, should be treated with deer repellent, that dense woods should be cleared back from the right-of-way and that when deer are known to cross a road for water, watering devices should be established to make this unnecessary.

One more suggestion. Why not require motorists to reduce speed in deer crossing areas?

STAR IN SIGHT

A man who made the U. S. Olympic basketball team the hard way was George Wilson, who had played three seasons of stand-out basketball at the University of Cincinnati but usually gave way to more publicized teammates when it came time for All-America selections. It was no surprise when NCAA selectors bypassed Wilson and invited his teammate, Ron Bonham, to join assembled NCAA stars for tryouts.

So Wilson joined an AAU team (Jamaco Saints of Chicago), went to the AAU tourney with the Saints and made an AAU all-star team that competed in the final trials in New York against NCAA, service, small-college teams and other AAU stars. There Wilson's rebounding and defensive play won him one of 12 berths on the team that will represent the U. S. in Tokyo.

Bonham did not make the Olympic squad, nor did a flock of other NCAA players who had been selected over Wilson in the first place. And now there is speculation that Wilson, rather than Bonham, may be the Cincinnati Royals' territorial choice in the coming National Basketball Association draft.

THEY SAID IT

- Nathaniel Avery, caddie for Arnold Palmer in his four victorious Masters tournaments: "We work as a team; I pick most of the clubs and Mr. Palmer makes the shots."
- Jack McMahon, Cincinnati Royal coach, asked what was the turning point when his team suffered a 109–95 defeat by the Boston Celtics and was ousted from the NBA playoffs: "When Bill Russell put on his shoes this morning."
- Billy Herman, Boston Red Sox coach, pondering the powder-blue uniforms of the Chicago White Sox and the green-and-gold of the Kansas City Athletics: "They got to put them in a circus tent when they play each other."

END

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Sports Illustrated
APRIL 27, 1964

A HAPPY START FOR A HAPPY NEW WILLIE

Free at last of off-the-field worries, San Francisco's magnificent Willie Mays hit six home runs in his first six games as the leader of the most powerful attack in the National League

by FRANK DEFORD

It was 85° and the sun was shining in San Francisco on Opening Day. Russ Hodges, the voice of the Giants, was at home plate introducing the players to the fans. "And next," he announced, "comes the oldest Giant in point of service." Out he jogged, No. 24, with his tapered pants hugging his calves, veteran Willie Mays, age 33 in two more weeks and one of the oldest Giants on the team. It seemed as incongruous as finding Peter Pan collecting social security in Sun City, but there was Willie Mays, the Say Hey Kid, now an elder statesman.

Still, though the Giants long ago moved to San Francisco and took the Say Hey out of the boy—"You just can't say that out here, you know? They just don't say that out here"—nobody has yet taken the boy out of the Say Hey. The laugh, high-pitched and real, the constant clowning, the catering to children—they are all still there. And so, too, are the bat and the swing. Willie Mays hit six home runs in the Giants' first six games, carrying a team that was not hitting to three wins and dominating the first week of baseball as surely as if the whole thing had been rigged for him.

On Opening Day Mays hit two home runs as the Giants beat the Milwaukee Braves and Warren Spahn 8–4. The next night he added a three-run home run as the Giants again beat the Braves 10–8. Two nights later he hit a second three-run homer to beat the Cardinals 5–4. The following afternoon he hit his fifth, but it was not enough to keep the Giants from losing to St. Louis. Finally, on Sunday, Mays capped an amazing first week by hitting his sixth home run in six games as the Giants beat Cincinnati 13–6.

Mays has had a lot of good starts. He has, in fact, now hit home runs in his last three Opening Day games, and two years ago he had four homers in his first seven games. But he never had a start quite like this. No one, of course, can expect him to keep it up. But then, the truth is that this is not just a good first week—Willie is taking up where he left off. He hit .383 the last two months of last season. Significantly, Willie is a much happier man than he has been in recent years, and the happiness is as much cause as effect.

All this bodes well for the Giants. They are the most powerful team in the league, and Mays is certain to be getting more help soon, particularly from San Francisco's other two home run champions, Willie McCovey and Orlando Cepeda. McCovey was just in a good old-fashioned slump this past week, along with most of the rest of the team. Cepeda was slowed by a bad knee, missed one game and was hitting mostly singles. The Giants will take singles, but they are a home run team.

Whether he leads them in home runs or not, Mays is still the star of the Giants. "And he's the same boy I knew in 1951," says Manager Al Dark. "Nothing has ever gone to his head—and I mean in any way. He has some influence over some of the boys on the team, but he leads in the same way he always has, like tonight. By hitting the ball out of the park."

Over the years, though, much has happened to Mays. He had a marriage that ended in divorce, and despite his high salary—he is advertised as a $100,000-a-year player, but actually he is paid more than $105,000—he has always had financial problems. Willie likes to buy things. He has always been an extremely intense athlete. "It is unbelievable," Trainer Frank Bowman says. "Unbelievable that a man that plays as hard as he does has never really been hurt. Unbelievable." Mays did collapse in the dugout at Cincinnati two years ago and

continued

in San Francisco last year, but since there was nothing organically wrong either time it was finally assumed that the collapse was as much the result of mental stress and fatigue as anything else.

Although he is still in debt, Mays is now in a position where no pressure from any of his creditors gives him any concern. He is unquestionably the favorite player on the Giants, and an accepted member of his community—San Francisco and the Forest Hill area, where he lives in a beautiful $100,000 house. Even before he moved in, the Forest Hill Property Owners Association invited his membership. This was a far cry from his first attempt at home ownership, when neighbors did not want a Negro in the area.

Mays's son, Michael, lives with him during the winter. A kindly and efficient housekeeper protects him and looks after him all year. Mays has taken up golf during the off season and, more important, he is learning the banking business. He reads introductory books on finance now, and this winter he plans to take extension courses in banking. He already has done public relations work for the Golden Gate National Bank. "People worry more about me than I worry about myself," Willie said last week. In short, he is as happy as he always has appeared to be, and his only real concern now is with things like hitting baseballs and catching them. "It makes a little difference," he says, "when all you have to do is play. Nothing to worry about. Just go out there and play."

The man most responsible for restoring financial sanity and real peace of mind to Mays is Jacob Shemano, the

SOME SPARKLING HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE VINTAGE MAYS



Celebrated eighth-inning catch (left) of a drive by Vic Wertz saved opening game of the 1954 World Series against Cleveland.



Famous pepper game routine by the Mays-Durocher mutual admiration society (right) always drew crowds to spring training.



president of the Golden Gate National Bank in San Francisco. Mays is close not only to Shemano, but to his whole family, and it is a very warm relationship. Last Friday at 11 o'clock Shemano got Willie on the phone. "Say, listen," he said, "you want to go to lunch with the attorney general today? O.K., meet you at the club at 12." Bank President Shemano, California Attorney General Stanley Mosk and Willie Mays had a good lunch together, while in Hollywood, Shemano's son Gary, 19, had a screen test arranged by Mays.

"Willie has been taken in by more people that he had confidence in," Shemano says. "He has a good, searching mind, but he just never paid any attention. He cared only about being a ballplayer. When I took him on I did it only with the understanding that he would also have the finest legal advice and the finest public accountant. I am not his financial adviser. I'm just the keeper of the keys. We've put Willie on a budget. We have made him prepare himself to live under a limited income, as he will have to do when he is through playing."

Mays has an office on the fifth floor of the bank, down the hall from Shemano's. "And here," Shemano says, opening the next door into the board room, "is where he talks to groups of kids when they come in. Willie is very concerned about education. He'll meet a kid and the first thing he'll say is, 'What school do you go to and what grade are you in?' And you know? Now he talks about saving money, too. When his son was out here this winter he was playing catch one day, and I asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up.

continued



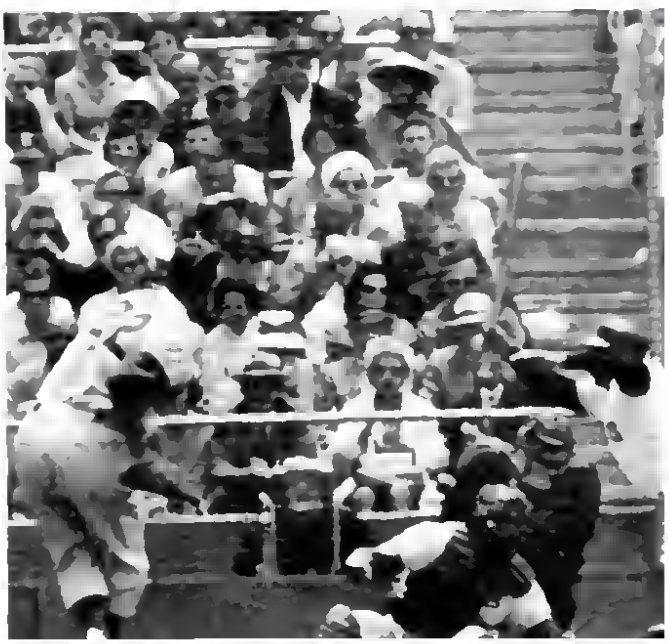




Despite a tumultuous welcome in 1958 (above) when the Giants arrived, the Coast fans were slow to take Mays to their hearts.

Willie losing his cap in a slide for home (left)—and making it—was a recurrent thrill for fans in New York and San Francisco.

Brush-back pitch by Johnny Podres made Mays jump during 1962 season, when Giants won pennent in playoff with Dodgers.



Right away, like most kids, he said he wanted to be a ballplayer. Willie came over and patted him on the head. 'No, Michael,' he said, 'be a doctor. We need *them*.' What has happened is that he has changed from Willie Mays the young man to Willie Mays the man."

Hitting home runs is not just happiness, though. There were a lot of happy Giants who could not hit the ball out of the infield last week, and the team—which must be considered a favorite in the close National League—was lucky that Mays had such an outstanding week. Otherwise the Giants would not have won a game. The slump was, in retrospect, to be expected. After all, this team hit .341 in spring training and slugged at .525. Part of this can be credited to the opposition, which was too often the Cleveland Indians and the Boston Red Sox. The giddy Arizona air also may have helped account for the amazing figures but, regardless of the circumstances, those percentages give some idea of how devastating the Giant lineup can be. The pitchers and fielders permitted five and a half runs per game, and the Giant hitters still won 25 of 33.

The Giants' personnel is geographically based on a Dixie-Latin America axis. To an outsider, the clubhouse sounds like a place that specializes in both enchiladas and hominy grits (the fare available actually includes dog food, since Reliever Bob Shaw's dog Beau has free run of the clubhouse).

The two important rookie additions continue this clubhouse duality. Third Baseman Jim Ray Hart comes from Lenoir, N.C., and Outfielder Jesus Alou from Haina, Dominican Republic. Alou, who is scheduled to be the leadoff man, though he literally never walks, was held out most of the first week because of a minor injury, but Hart started every game and hit a homer against Warren Spahn in the opener.

Controversy surrounding Alou was mostly about his Christian name, which is pronounced *Hayzoos* in Spanish. Nevertheless, some people, including several of the clergy, suggested that Jesus be called something else—"Jay" perhaps, which would be strictly manufactured, or "Chuchita," the common Spanish diminutive for Jesus that means, literally, Little Jesus. More sensible heads prevailed, and when Alou finally got into the fourth game he was introduced by his correct name.

By then the rookies and even Mays were overshadowed by a gray-haired newcomer, Edwin Snider of the Brooklyn Sniders. The Dook, handsome and a little bit fatherly, has crossed the continent three times—from Flatbush to Los Angeles with the Dodgers, back to New York with the Mets and now west to the Giants. Sentiment and the fabled Giant-Dodger feud notwithstanding, Snider was delighted to be with the Giants. "All the way out here on the flight from New York I practiced playing for the Giants." And how, exactly, does one go about doing that? "Easy. I kept yelling, 'You take it, Willie, you take it.' " Mays, near by, shrieked with laughter.

Snider's practice, as it developed, was of no immediate use. Indeed, bought for his left-handed hitting, Snider did not hit a lick—but helped win the first game he played for the Giants with his fielding. Snider was in left field in the 10th inning of the fourth game of the season. The score was tied. Cardinal Pitcher Bobby Shantz was on first with one out. With Dick Groat up, the Cards went to the hit-and-run, and Shantz took off. Groat hit a sinking liner to left center. Snider lost the ball in the lights but spotted it again just in time to throw out his gloved hand and spear it on the dead run. Mays had run over from center and screamed, "First base, first base." So without stopping to set himself, Snider threw the ball—away from his momentum—to first. He fell to the ground, but his off-balance throw was strong enough for a stretching McCovey to grab it on a long bounce and double up Shantz. The Giants, who had come back in the game on Mays's daily homer—this one worth three runs—then went on to win the game in the bottom of the 10th.

A continent away, as clippings taped on the Giant clubhouse walls told, they were tearing down the Polo Grounds. The Giants had lost an old stadium, they had gained an old Dodger, Mays had six home runs and the season was not yet a week old. **END**



Willie leans on rail of circular staircase that leads to the sumptuous living room of his $100,000 home in San Francisco's Forest Hill area where he is a popular member of the community.



THE TYRANNY OF THE LITTLE MEN

The Kentucky Derby is now only one week away, and the nation's top jockeys are deviously and hectically maneuvering to get the best horses; the economics of racing have put them firmly in the saddle

by WHITNEY TOWER

Who is going to ride what horse in the Kentucky Derby? In the last suspenseful weeks before this year's classic, negotiations among jockeys, agents, owners and trainers have been so frantic and secretive that no one today can answer the question with certainty.

A horse owner approaching a major race always tries to tie up the best available jockey as early as possible. The jockey and his agent, on the other hand, prefer to play a waiting game, so they can land the horse which looks best at the last possible moment. But never has the pre-Derby scene been so confused. As one agent frankly puts it, "Look, the Derby is the Derby and there's only one derby that counts. Everybody wants to win it, and everybody is going to take his best hold."

The best holds in use right now might have been copied from a CIA handbook. They involve secret long-distance phone calls from agent to trainer or from jockey to owner and promises made following significant victories that are broken a day later. "There are a lot of honest and sincere jockeys and agents," says one trainer of a Kentucky Derby favorite, "but what you can expect from most of them at a time like this is a definite maybe. You just don't know who is going to ride your horse in the most important race of the year."

Four of the best riders in America are shown on the opposite page—Bill Shoemaker, Manuel Ycaza, Bill Hartack and Braulio Baeza. All of them are in such demand for probable Derby starters that they have been playing a game of musical mounts. Their final decisions may well determine the Derby favorite, or even the Derby winner.

Take the case of California's Derby favorite, Hill Rise. In winning four stakes in a row he was ridden each time to perfection by Don Pierce. Not even Shoemaker could have done better, and yet it is now Shoemaker who will handle Hill Rise in the Derby. Shoe and his agent, Harry Silbert, visited Hill Rise's trainer, Bill Finnegan, at Santa Anita before Shoemaker went to Florida to ride E. P. Taylor's Northern Dancer in the Florida Derby. Can we ride Hill Rise in Kentucky? they asked. Sure, said Finnegan, but only if I get a written agreement that you also will ride him in the Preakness and Belmont. We can't do that, said Silbert, until we see how Northern Dancer goes in Florida. The day after the Florida Derby, despite the fact that Northern Dancer won, Finnegan was told he had Shoe for all the Triple Crown races. Down goes Pierce.

To charges of poor sportsmanship, Hill Rise's owner, George Pope, has a frank answer: "I'm in this game for fun more than anything else, and I don't want to create bad feelings. But I feel very strongly that you can't win big races like the Derby if you don't have everything going for you—and that includes the best jockey. About Shoemaker I think two things: he's very experienced, and he's the best rider over a distance of ground. If, for example, Shoe got into trouble in the Derby and we lost I'd still say that we had the most experienced rider in America trying his best for us. If Pierce got into trouble and we lost I would forever blame myself, because I had the best rider in America ask to ride my horse and I turned him down."

Shoemaker's defection from Northern Dancer put the jockey merry-go-round into high gear. Trainer Mesh Tenney, who usually uses Shoe on the Rex Ellsworth horses he trains, said he did not particularly care that Bill was not interested in riding The Scoundrel for him. Said Tenney, "If he doesn't really want to ride my horse, I'd as soon get somebody who does." So Tenney lined up Ycaza for The Scoundrel. (Though under contract to Cain Hoy Stable, Ycaza was free to accept because Cain Hoy does not have a Derby starter.) Ycaza had previously ridden Roman Brother and Northern Dancer. "I could have had The Dancer all the way," said the fiery Panamanian, "but I was committed to Roman Brother through the Florida season. Look, I don't want to hurt people; in fact, I want to please everyone, but that everyone includes myself."

"The owners and trainers have helped create the problem," says outspoken Owner Alfred Vanderbilt, "by putting a premium on the services of a select few jockeys. Some will do anything to get

one of the top half dozen riders—when any of the next 10 would do as well."

Two decades ago, Vanderbilt points out, most stables had a rider on contract, and the problems that are arising today were at a minimum. After Eddie Arcaro became the first of the top jockeys to quit contract riding and free-lance, the situation changed drastically. As purses grew bigger and bigger jockeys could earn more money by riding for lots of different owners with good horses than by sticking to one owner with a few good horses. The best of owners, too, will have seasons in which all their horses are poor.

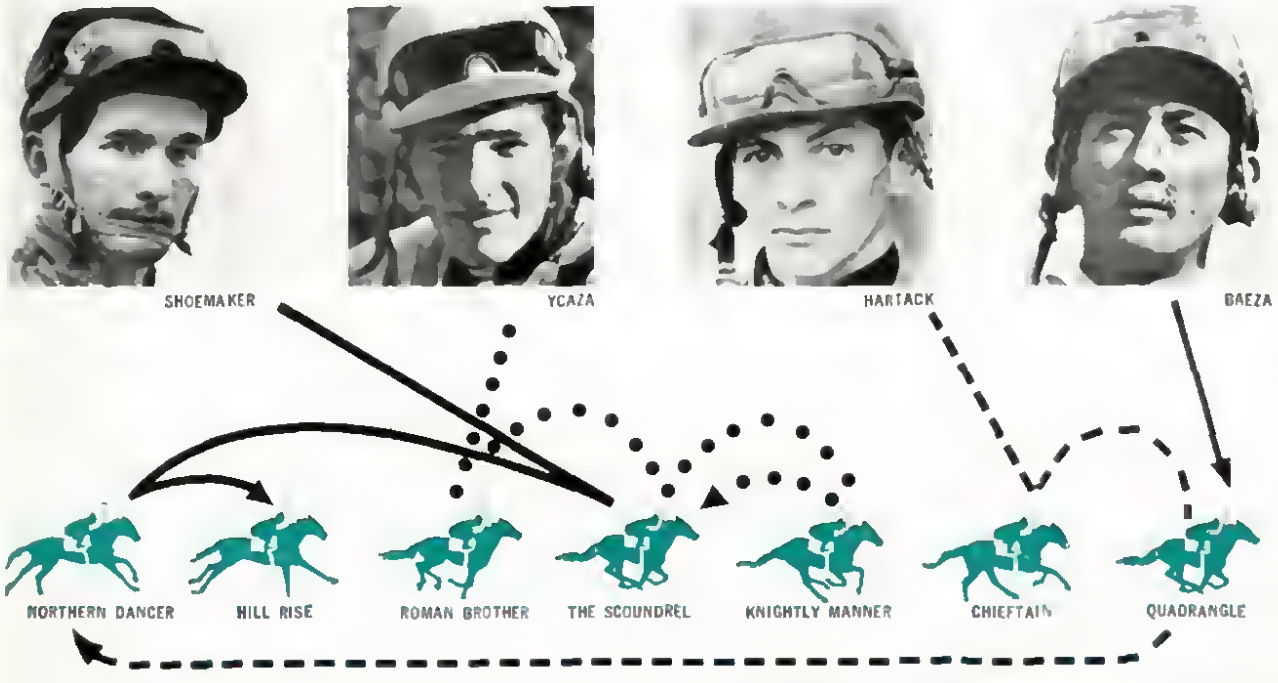
The few contract jockeys left today are not always content. One such is Braulio Baeza, who works mostly for Owner Fred W. Hooper, but who is being openly courted by the Darby Dan Stable of John Galbreath. When Baeza tried to break his contract with Hooper recently, in order to accept more outside mounts, he was grounded by legal action. He still hopes to be back in action in time to ride Paul Mellon's Quadrangle in the Derby—that is, if Hooper does not insist on using Baeza elsewhere on Derby Day.

As late as last Saturday, Ycaza was toying with the idea of ditching The Scoundrel if his Wood Memorial mount, Knightly Manner, ran a good race. When Knightly Manner finished seventh Ycaza said, "Now I definitely ride The Scoundrel." Hartack, meanwhile, was involved in some musical saddles, too. He had given his own commitment to ride Chieftain for Raymond Guest. However, when Shoemaker quit Northern Dancer, Hartack's agent, Lenny Goodman, was so quick to grab the mount that he neglected to inform Hartack. "I feel badly about this," says Hartack. "They can say what they want about me, but one thing I am is honest. If I give my word I keep it. But my agent committed me for Northern Dancer, and that is that." However, even that is not final, not until Hartack rides Northern Dancer in this Thursday's Blue Grass at Keeneland. Hartack, filling in for Baeza, won the Wood on Quadrangle for Trainer Elliott Burch (*see page 66*). After the race he and Burch went into a huddle. Hartack, emerging, said, "Don't do anything until Thursday night." "I won't," replied Burch, beaming. Earlier Burch had said that if he could not get Baeza for Quadrangle he might go after Ray Broussard, John Sellers or Don Pierce.

Don Pierce? Right. He is the fellow who won four straight on Hill Rise. "Some people say I have a right to be burned up after being taken off that horse," Pierce said quietly the other day. "But I don't look at it that way. I think I was lucky to have been on him in the first place. After all, it could have been some other jock getting paid that money instead of me."

Don Pierce, at any rate, surely deserves to get a good Derby horse.

KENTUCKY DERBY MUSICAL CHAIRS





FLIGHT OF A WHITE STALLION

The famed stallions of Vienna's four-centuries-old Spanish Riding School are now making an unprecedented American tour. Here one of them executes a brilliant leap, called a capriole, at Philadelphia's grand opening

FRED WARD

CONTINUED



The horses on these pages are descendants of a breed resident in Vienna since Shakespeare was one year old. By that year—1565—the Spanish Court Riding School, so called because lightweight horses imported from Andalusia were used, began its tradition of subtle and superior horsemanship. Now on a tour of eight cities in the United States and Canada, the dazzling Lipizzans are performing their exacting ritual of caprioles and courbettes, levades *and* pesades, *pirouettes and* passages *before capacity houses. The Lipizzans' name derives from the village of Lipizza near Trieste, where a stud was founded in 1580.*

CONTINUED



This monument-style posa called a levade *is held for a long moment by Neapolitano Strene.*



Eight stallions enact one of the precision movements of the School Quadrille. Colonel Alois Podhejsky, in charge for 25 years, is at far left.

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The Lipizzan has been bred to execute at man's command the movements a stallion will do on his own only in a natural state. And only the superathletes of this specialized breed can achieve the leaps shown here. Once utilized by riders in combat, these soaring leaps now are taught to illustrate the skill of both horse and handler. A stallion's formal training does not begin until he is 4 years old, an age when many a racehorse is already retired. Three to five years later the finished horse is shown, and often is able to continue performing up to the age of 30. About the time a Lipizzan's formal training starts, his color begins to fade from its original dark hue and continues to lighten with age. Each horse is given a double name, the first after his sire and the second for his dam. This explains why a fiery Lipizzan stallion often is addressed by grooms as Kitty or Flora.



Executing courbette, *Lipizzan rears and hops forward on hind legs as in combat.*



LET ME HELP YOUR GAME
PART I

BE A SMART CURVE-BALL HITTER

BY CLAUDE HARMON
WITH ALFRED WRIGHT

Drawings by ROBERT HANDVILLE

At 47, Claude Harmon (see cover) *is one of the most esteemed golf instructors in the world. For years he has been analyzing movies of both experts and duffers and deliberating on golf techniques with such accomplished perfectionists of the swing as Ben Hagan, who is a close friend. He has discovered how to make country club trophy winners out of some rated middle-aged golfers, including Henry Ford II and the Duke of Windsor. In the summer at the Winged Foot Golf Club near New York and through the winter at the Thunderbird Country Club in Palm Springs, Harmon operates what amounts to a Harvard of golf instruction. In the two-part series that begins here, this former Masters champion passes on the basic principles that he has learned in a lifetime of golf.*

The most frustrating thing to a golf teacher is to realize how many men—and women, too—could play the game much better without devoting any more time to it than they already do. I have watched thousands of businessmen-golfers, men with real athletic ability who could easily take 10 or 15 strokes off their scoring average if they just had a little better understanding of what they were trying to accomplish. I have been giving lessons to this kind of golfer for 28 years, and out of this experience I have settled on a few principles that I feel are all that are required to make anyone a modestly successful player. I will set down these fundamentals in this series, and I can promise you that any golfer who can strike the ball with reasonable assurance will reduce his score substantially by following them.

I will begin with a few simple observations on how to attack a golf course. Most golfers waste their lives trying to *hit a golf ball straight—straight down the middle of the* fairway and straight to the pin on the green. Yet golf is not a game of straight lines; it is a game of curves. It is far easier to curve a golf ball than to hit it straight. Galleries at professional tournaments ooh and ah at the sight of a pro hitting a deliberate hook around a dogleg, as if he had performed some feat of magic. It is, I admit, a kind of sleight of hand, because the pro changes his grip a little, but so can you. It is not complicated. There are many times during a round of golf when you have to curve the ball, either around some trees or into a favorable position on a sloping fairway. Even so, you will seldom find any but the low-handicap golfers who purposely curve the ball. So, after I have shown you the three basic grips and the principal ingredients of the swing—all of which are quickly adaptable to the technique of any golfer who can break 100—I will demonstrate the easy art of bending the ball from left to

right and from right to left. You have no idea how much confidence doing this gives you. If you are a natural left-to-right hitter, say, you will be able to hit the ball down the left side of the fairway and know that you have the whole width of the fairway as a margin for error. If, on the other hand, you try to hit the ball straight down the middle, you have only half the fairway on either side in which to err. When you stand there worrying about whether you are going to hook or slice, you try to think of all the things you must do to avoid either, and most of the time you just cannot hit the ball, period. But, having made up your mind that you will use a fade or draw as an asset rather than a liability, you can aim down one side or the other of the fairway with confidence. Notice I said fade *or* draw. I am not talking about the chronic sheer who always plays for his slice. What can he do when he needs to hit a hook? Finally, I want you to consider a major tactical point. You should learn to pace yourself, using no more than 70% or 75% of your full strength on the long shots and taking a little more club than you think you need on approach shots. No one can play his best golf if he races his motor at full throttle all the way around the course. For instance, a 420-yard hole is no par-4 for the average golfer. Yet the chances are he will jump off the ground trying to get a big drive and jump off the ground again trying to reach the green on his second shot. Instead of getting on the green easily in three and taking two putts for a sure bogey 5, he tries too hard, misses a couple of shots and takes a 7. Any weekend golfer can chart his way around a course and figure on getting no worse than a bogey on every hole. That adds up to a 90 for the round. Because he is playing easily within himself, a lot of shots will turn out better than he expected, and he will sink a few putts that he had not counted on. That is how a 90 gets turned into an 80. Now on to the basics.



ROOM TO MANEUVER

If you know how to hit a fade and then aim well to the left (*dotted line*) the entire fairway is opened up to you.

CONTINUED

THE CHANGING GRIPS

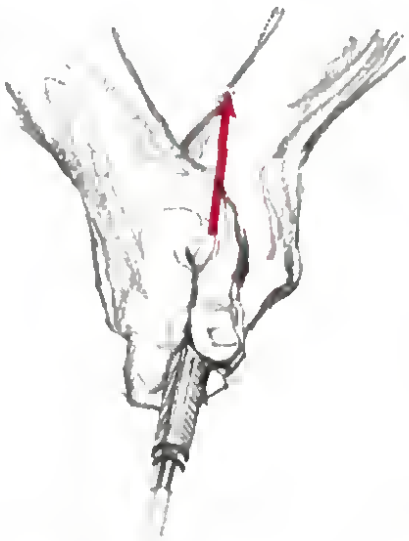
Every golf instructor begins by telling his pupils how important the grip is, and yet no basic element of the game is more widely ignored. Many golfers never learn a good grip and—more interesting—never learn that they should make changes in their grip, depending on the shot they want to hit. Think of the grip this way: you hit the ball with the golf club, and the only thing that connects you with the club is the grip, so it had better be right. I am not a complete conformist about grips. Some people feel more comfortable with an interlocking grip, some with an overlapping grip and some with the hands unconnected. This last has been wrongly called a baseball grip, which it resembles only superficially; but it can be used to good advantage by people who are not particularly strong. I have finally concluded that these things are incidentals. Comfort is the main consideration. How tight you should hold the golf club is one of the controversies of the game. It may vary from day to day or stroke to stroke, and will certainly vary among individuals. A great golfer, such as Arnold Palmer, seems to squeeze the grip so hard you think he will pinch the shaft out of shape. An equally great one, such as Sam Snead, seems to hold it so tenderly you would assume the grip was made of glass. I suggest that you hold it firmly enough throughout the swing so that the shaft cannot possibly turn in your hands, but not so tightly as to constrict your muscles and tie up your freedom of movement. There are three basic grips. If you swing correctly, one grip will make the ball slice, one will make it go straight and one will make it hook. Until you learn to use all three with confidence under every kind of condition you will not be playing up to your full potential. A golfer should be able to see the top three knuckles on his left hand when he grips the club for a normal shot, closes his left eye and looks down. His right hand is more or less shaking hands with the grip. The groove in the palm of his right hand fits over the left thumb. In this normal grip the line between his right thumb and forefinger will point toward his right shoulder. To alter this into a weak, or slicer's, grip, the right hand is turned to the left so that the line between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand points toward the nose. This moves the left hand so that only two knuckles are now visible. For the strong, or hooker's, grip, the right hand is turned toward the right, and four knuckles of the left hand are visible. The chronic slicer should practice with the hooker's grip. When he starts to hook, he can gradually adjust back to normal. The chronic hooker should do the opposite. Now you can ask yourself before every shot: How do I want the ball to curve? Which grip will help achieve this?



LEFT HAND grasps the club so that the shaft lies across the base of the last three fingers.



NORMAL GRIP has right hand placed with thumb line pointing at shoulder.



SLICE GRIP has right hand turned so that the thumb line points at the nose.



HOOK GRIP has right hand well to the right, and the line pointing up the arm.



Here is an excellent way to get yourself positioned and set to swing. Think to yourself that there is a wall in back of you. Stand as if up against the wall (*above*). Then bend your knees, lean forward from the waist and "sit down" to the ball (*left*).

THE NO-SWAY STANCE

Most of the golfers I know who shoot consistently in the high 80s and 90s are what I call "toe dancers." They lean much too far forward trying to reach the ball with the club head and, as a result, their weight ends up on the balls of their feet. When they swing they are almost falling forward. This leaning leads them to take the club back outside of the proper arc and to compensate for this by coming outside-in on the downswing. In addition to all of this, a proper follow-through becomes impossible because of the off-balance stance. Everybody knows what happens when a toe dancer hits the ball—it slices. Badly. But there is no need to make this mistake. Think of the ball as something you can manipulate. Get close to it. The best way to be sure you have a proper stance is to put your feet in what you estimate is the correct position and stand up quite straight. This will leave the club about a foot in the air out in front of you. Then bend your knees as if you were going to seat yourself on a shooting stick and, finally, bend forward from the waist until the club head is on the turf, as above. That is where the ball ought to be. In this position your weight is evenly distributed between the balls of your feet and your heels, and it should remain that way throughout the swing. You are now an athlete ready to go to work, not a precariously balanced ballet dancer about to fall on his face.

CONTINUED



THE SOLID PLATFORM

To swing a golf club properly, you must think of your legs and hips as an absolutely stable platform on top of which the triangle of the upper part of the body turns (*left*). The only thing that moves the club back is the turning of the shoulders. The lower half of the body does not turn. Some people who are very supple can turn their shoulders so far to the right that their backs are actually facing in the direction in which they will hit the ball—all this without turning their hips or legs. But as you get older you cannot turn as far as you would like. So take the club back only as far as the shoulder turn will allow, no farther. This can be a blessing in disguise, for, while you no longer hit the ball quite as far, you have much greater accuracy. Consider Doug Sanders. He anchors his feet wide apart, giving his body a very firm foundation. His backswing is quite short and, consequently, he is as accurate from day to day as any golfer on the pro tour. He may not hit the ball as far as some of the others, but he hits it far enough to be among the leading money winners. So will you, if you remember to keep that platform solid and to turn only above the waist.

COILED SPRING

Once you have reached the top of your backswing (*right*), while still keeping your left foot firmly anchored on the ground, you will be in a most uncomfortable position. At this point, think of your entire left side, from your left heel to the upper end of your left arm, as a spring. The spring will be stretched to its utmost at the top of your backswing. The muscles in your left leg and all up the left side of your body and in your left arm will be taut and complaining. Your natural tendency will be to get out of this awkward position and back to normal as quickly as possible—which is as it should be. The idea that you should be comfortable at the top of your backswing is hogwash, for to be comfortable you would have to raise your left heel off the ground. If you do that you are going to sway to the right, and you will never get the club back down into the hitting area properly. The most comfortable position in the swing should be at the moment of striking the ball. Thus, when you are at the top of the backswing with all your muscles stretched, you instinctively will want to get back into that comfortable position from which you started.

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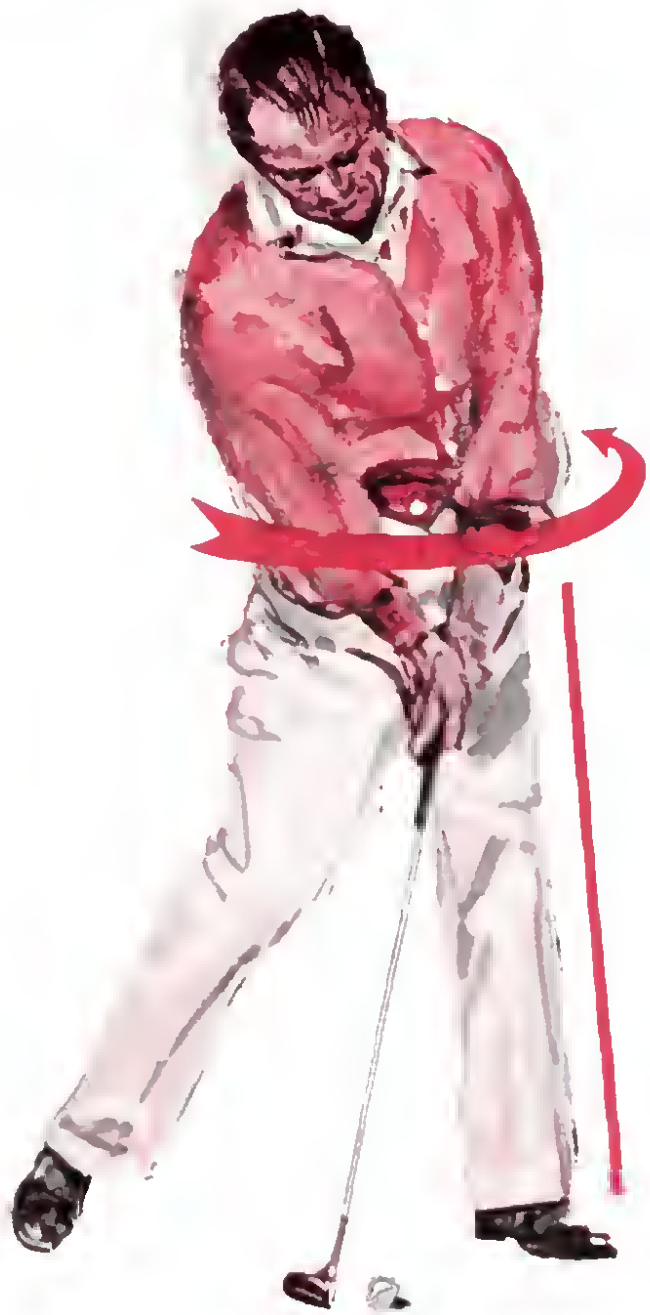




CORRECT DOWNSWING involves sliding hips to the left (*arrow*) and not permitting them to turn at all until after contact with the ball

START DOWN WITH A HIP SLIDE

Now you are cocked at the top of your backswing. How do you start down? This change of direction is a critical point in the swing, and it causes a great deal of difficulty. The tendency of most golfers is to begin the downswing by hitting down with the hands or pulling down with the arms. This is wrong. The proper way to initiate the downswing is with the hips. Once you try it, you will be surprised how easy it is. All you do is slide your hips *forward*—the direction you are going to hit the ball. The stretched muscles of your left side will automatically begin contracting into their normal, comfortable position, and the club is started down. The motion is completely natural, once the hips are moved forward. It is something the muscles *want* to do. This hip motion—from 10 to 14 inches forward—will also alter the swing so that the club head must come into the hitting area in the proper inside-out arc. The hip slide can be practiced as at left. Take the club to the top of the backswing with the left hand and slap the hips straight forward with the right hand. The most common fault, once the downswing begins, is turning the hips to the left and then straightening the left knee. This causes you to hit across the ball from the outside in, resulting either in a bad slice or, if you get the club head around quickly, in a severely pulled hook. So slide those hips. Don't let them turn until after the ball is hit, and keep that left knee relaxed. I firmly believe that a man should think of only one thing at a time while he is involved in the complex activity of swinging a golf club. So on the backswing I suggest you concentrate on keeping your left heel firmly planted on the ground. On the downswing think about the forward hip slide.

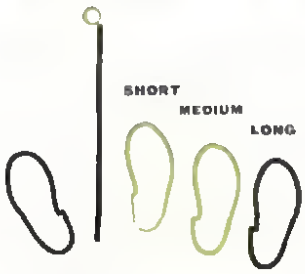


INCORRECT DOWNSWING is caused by prematurely turning the hips. The body sways ahead of the club head, and the left leg stiffens.

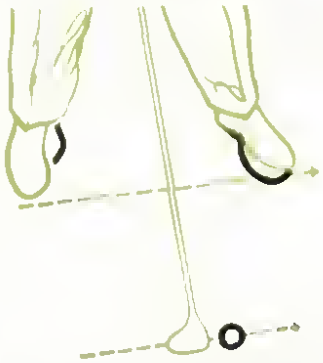
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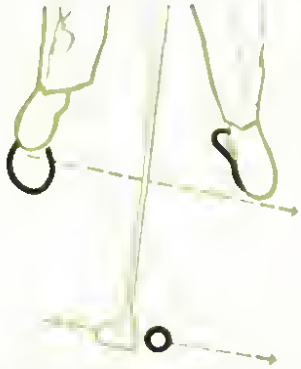
MOVES THAT CAUSE THE CURVES



On every golf shot you hit, the ball is always in the same position relative to your left foot—just inside the left heel (*as at left*). You alter your stance by shifting only the right foot. You move it closer to the left foot for the middle and short irons (*above*), and you move it either forward or backward to open or close your stance (*below*). No matter what stance you are using, you always swing the club head parallel to an imaginary line across the toes of your feet. Now comes the absurdly simple climax. To hit a deliberate hook or slice, all you do is take the right grip from the ones shown earlier and match it with the right stance of the two below.



THE FADE is produced by moving the right foot a few inches forward of its normal position, assuming the slice grip and then swinging the club head parallel to the toes.



THE DRAW is exactly the opposite. Close stance by moving the right foot back and use the hook grip. Then swing the club head along the toe line—inside out in this case.



THE SHADOW TRICK

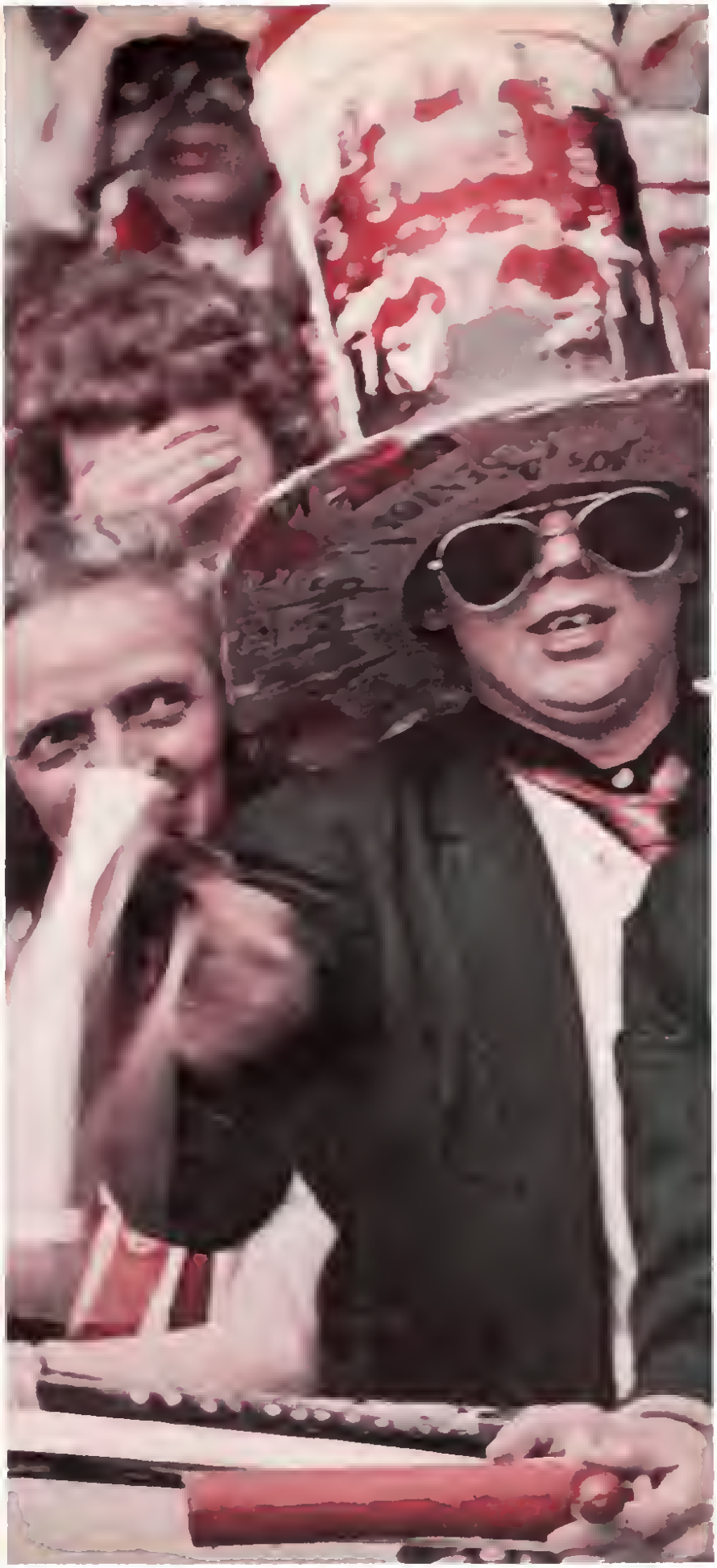
There is an easy way to check whether or not you are committing that dreaded golfing sin of not keeping your head still—and then to correct it. Stand with the sun to your back, so that your shadow is directly in front of you. Then push a stick or old club shaft into the ground right where the shadow of your head is. Now take a backswing. If the shadow of your head moves off the planted club (*upper left*), you are swaying. Try it again, this time thinking only of keeping your left heel on the ground and your left hip in place (*above*). Your head will now remain still. You cannot sway if you keep your left heel on the ground. If you still have trouble with lifting the heel, try pointing the left foot more to the left.

NEXT WEEK: *Harmon adapts the grips and the hip slide to the short game, making the chip shot as easy as tossing a ball.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY CRANHAM

COLOR OF THE CUP FINAL

They come, the lot of them, in red and white (if they are for Manchester), one even in a top hat with his team's picture pasted on it. This is the soccer Cup Final, and nothing in sport moves the English more. Each spring, royalty and commoners, Tories and Laborites cast aside old differences to root for the finalists of a nationwide tournament that begins in August. In the last renewal Manchester United beat Leicester City before the usual huge crowds (next pages).








8

Before the match, Manchester United's Captain Noel Cantwell (right) moves off through crowd after presenting his team to Prince Philip.

As 90-odd thousand watch the action intently, Leicester Goalkeeper Gordon Banks (green) leaps high to intercept a threatening cross kick.





Exultant United troops down from royal box amid plebeian huzzahs.



NEW GULFPRIDE SINGLE-G MOTOR OIL BEATS FOUR MAJOR COMPETITORS IN TOUGH ENGINE-PERFORMANCE TEST.



Gulf

'I'M THE WORST THAT'S EVER BEEN'

by **GILBERT ROGIN**

So says Baltimore's Milt Pappas, not in reference to his splendid pitching, but to his all-round ability as a brash and cocky kook

Talk to just about anybody connected with the Baltimore Orioles and he will tell you, wistfully, that Milt Pappas has finally grown (or growed) up. Including Pappas. If this is a fact then baseball is the poorer, for it has all too few flakes, hot dogs and Milt Pappases. "I'm mellowing now," Pappas says, looking back, at age 24, over seven big league seasons of graphic remonstrance with umpires, teammates, managers, opposing players and official scorers. "Miltie is what you might call a visible hothead," says Baltimore's traveling secretary, Bob Brown. "The fans can tell when he isn't happy." "He's a spoiled brat," says one writer who follows the team. "I've had the reputation of being brash, cocky and bullheaded," says Pappas cheerfully. "I'm probably the worst that's ever been."

Nothing brings out the worst in Milt Pappas like an umpire. "I like to show people I'm out there to take charge," Pappas says, "but I realize more and more that you got to get along with the umpires. If you dispute their calls, it looks like you're trying to show them up —which isn't so, of course—and that doesn't get you anywhere. I should be more diplomatic. Instead of giving the umpires a lot of head from the mound, I should talk to them when I go up to bat—quietly point out their mistakes.

"I like an umpire that's honest and will admit that he's blown a few. But when they start with the alibis. . . . You see, the vision I had when I was in high school was I thought that these guys would be perfect. After all, they were umpiring in the highest echelon. It took me awhile to find it out, but I soon realized that these people were human."

It takes awhile before you realize that Milt Pappas does not really think he is superhuman. On one occasion last year he called up the press box from the dugout after the official scorer declared that balls Jim Gentile and Luis Aparicio could not handle were base hits, and demanded to know, "How the hell can you call those things hits?" But that was only because, he explains, "I wanted to know why, and it's silly to go through channels when you can go directly to the source." And when you remind Pappas that Gentile told him off in the clubhouse after the game ("That's a hush thing to do, showing up your own teammates"), Pappas shrugs. "It only got in the papers," he says, because a writer who happened to be there wrote it up—and anyway, I apologized."

Or mention to Pappas the time he refused to report to the bullpen and General Manager Lee MacPhail advised him he better get going or he would not get paid, and Pappas will tell you: "I knew it was like cutting my throat, but it's just that I didn't have a reason why. I'm not a bullpen pitcher. I'm a starter!"

To which MacPhail soothingly adds: "There wasn't any revolution. Miltie couldn't be more cooperative."

But how about that night in Kansas City when Pappas hit Billy Hitchcock in the chest with a baseball? Hitchcock, the Baltimore manager at the time, had come to the mound to take Pappas out. Instead of handing him the ball, Pappas flipped it at the startled Hitchcock and stalked to the dugout. "It was a close ball game," Pappas explains. "I think it was the seventh or eighth inning and I got a little perturbed. I don't know whether I was mad at Hitchcock or at myself. I didn't throw the ball at him, I *lobbed* it. If I wanted to hit him, I would have *thrown* it. I don't know whether he caught it or not. I didn't look."

"I'm not going to have any trouble with Miltie," says Hank Bauer, the new Baltimore manager. "He knows me and I know him, and he knows that I'm managing and he's pitching. He's a little on the brash side, a little argumentative, and he enjoys putting on a show, but he tries to do so damn good. That's why he gets mad—at himself. Once in a while, you're better off to let it out rather than keep it inside of you."

"I was the same in high school," Pappas says. "If I didn't have my way, I was mad. And I've always spoken what I felt. One day in 1958, my first full season with the ball club, I was pitching against the Yankees. The day before, Hoyt Wilhelm had thrown a no-hitter at them, so anything I could do would be anticlimactic. Right away, Mantle hits an opposite-field double off me. 'Mickey,' I yelled at him, 'you surprise me. I've heard how strong you are, how you pull the ball. You showed me nothing. You're losing your power.' Last year I had two strikes and no balls on Mickey. The next pitch was right down the middle, and the umpire calls it a ball. 'Mickey,' I said, 'no wonder you're so great. You get five strikes every time you come to bat.' I wasn't mad at Mantle, I was mad at the ump. I don't know why I took it out on Mickey. Those kind of guys, it's nice to have them on your side.

"I remember when I first pitched to Jimmy Piersall. He came up to the plate singing, 'I've got the whole world in my arms.' He hit a home run, and he sang that song all the way around the bases. The next time he came up I threw him a slider, and he hit a weak grounder back to me. 'Get on that, you hush —', I told him. I think everybody in the park heard me. They were all booing me. After the game, I apologized to Piersall. Ted Williams said I was a man to apologize, so I asked Ted to give me one of his hats, which he did. I was making har

stools out of baseball hats. Ted went two for three the next time I pitched against him. 'Thanks for the hat,' I said. 'Keep pitching me like that, and I'll give you a bat every day,' said Ted."

"I wouldn't say that Milt is cocky," says Paul Richards, his first manager at Baltimore and now the general manager of the Houston Colts, "just brash. He was a little refreshing, to tell the truth. He was a problem only in an innocuous sort of way, like he didn't want to run. Make sure you use that word 'innocuous.' Pappas won't know what it means. Who was it, Edgar Allan Poe or Mark Twain, who said that he was so impressed at how much his father learned while he was growing up from 14 to 21? Well, Pappas was that way with me. I think he was probably amazed at how much I learned in the three years he was with me.

"Even as a kid he stood out because he was willing to find out if the big leaguers could hit him. A lot of kids have the stuff but never really find out before four balls go by. But with Pappas, one of the things was that he would show them that ball. Here it is, hit it if you can.

"In one of the first games he was ever in, we were playing Boston and Tommy Brewer was pitching. Brewer had a sharp curve that was particularly effective that day, but it got to a point where it was Pappas' turn to hit, and I didn't want to use a pinch hitter at that time. I asked Milt if he was a good hitter. He told me he was the best hitter on his high school team. 'All right,' I said. 'Go on up there.'

"He went up and watched Brewer break off a couple of those curves. Then he made the trip all the way back from the batter's box to the dugout to tell me: 'If that so-and-so keeps throwing that curve, what I just said don't go.'"

Like most pitchers, Milt Pappas is very pleased with himself as a hitter. It doesn't take long to find out he has hit 11 big league homers. He'll tell you all about it before you can say Miltiades Stergios Papastedgios, which is his real name, but you have to go to the record book to learn that on September 15, 1963 he bunted into a triple play. "If you hit home runs," Pappas reasons, "the manager is not apt to take you out, and you can stay in a lot more ball games you can win, and they pay pitchers on won-and-lost records.



MANAGERIAL CONFRONTATION pits Hank Bauer, the Orioles' tough new manager, against Pappas, who sought job on platform of no curfews, little running, many parties.

"It's actually a shame that pitchers don't get more hitting practice. In spring training it's mostly bunting. Then the hitters who are paid to hit come down and the manager and the coaches don't pay any attention to you. Everything in baseball is done for the hitter. They changed the strike zone, but the umpires call the pitches the same. They say the pitchers slow down the game, so now you can only throw five pitches between innings, and you only have 20 seconds between pitches. What about that Colavito going through all those calisthenics and gyrations before he decides he's ready to hit the ball? Hitting the home run and driving the Cadillac appeals to the kids. Pitchers are in a very bad light these days."

In 1961 Milt Pappas actually hit two home runs in one game against Minnesota—under faintly extenuating circumstances. The day before the game, Pappas and Pete Ramos, who was scheduled to start for the Twins, were horsing around in the outfield and decided to throw each other nothing but fast balls the next day. By the sixth inning, Pappas

continued

had gotten a homer and Ramos had gotten mad. With the Twins behind, Ramos knew he would be taken out for a pinch hitter the next time up, so he threw a curve at Pappas. "Pete," said Pappas, "you are the dirtiest, lowdown ——." "Too bad," said Ramos, and curved him again. This one, alas, hung and Pappas lost it. "It's got to be my best day," says Pappas. "We won 3–0, I struck out 11 and walked three."

Pappas has always had good control, even when he was 18 and had little more to show the batters than a rising fast ball. In 1958, for example, he gave up only 48 walks in 135 innings. Pappas was 10 and 10 that year, but completed just three games. "He was so young," Paul Richards recalls, "that at first I would take him out after five or six innings no matter how he was doing, but after a while, when he was pitching full games, we never even warmed up the bullpen near the end of the game because he handled the seventh, eighth, ninth with considerable ease. He would just bowl them over."



PAPA PAPPAS and daughter Michelle horse around in club cellar of Timonium home

Pappas, who stands 6 feet 3 and weighs around 205, is still basically an overwhelming fast-ball pitcher, but he has added a fine slider, is working on his change and has learned to keep the ball down. "Eight out of 10 homers are hit off pitches in the high-strike zone," he says, the voice of experience.

Milt Pappas is one of the most precocious pitchers in the history of baseball. He will not be 25 until May 11 and, although he has never won more than 16 games in a season—he was 16–9 last year—his lifetime record is already 81–58. Since 1900, only 14 pitchers have had more than 81 wins before their 25th birthday, and only six of these began their major league careers after 1927: Wes Ferrell, Lefty Gomez, Dizzy Dean, Bob Feller, Hal Newhouser and Milt Pappas. On the other hand, Cy Young, who holds the record for career wins—511—was only 37–27 at the same age, and Carl Hubbell (253 lifetime wins), Lefty Grove (300), Ed Plank (326) and Warren Spahn, who has won more games than any active player (350), did not win a single major league game before they were 25.

If Pappas has a weakness as a pitcher, it is that "if I'm 0 and 2 on a guy, I'll throw him a real good pitch. I even did it one time when my catcher called for a pitchout. No reason. It's just that I'm the kind of guy that likes to get them out quick. It's my character. I'm a little stupid."

Pappas was not so stupid when he signed with the Orioles in 1957, after graduating from Detroit's Cooley High. He was sought by 14 teams, but narrowed the choice down to the Phillies and the Orioles. As he once said: "The paper and the pencil are why I'm with Baltimore. *Before I signed with any club, I* averaged out the age of every pitching staff in the big leagues. Baltimore had the oldest staff, so I figured it was my best chance. I didn't like the National League anyway—I wanted to go home in the summer."

"Milt seemed to know where he was going right from the start," says Paul Richards. "In fact, when I tried to give him a sales pitch, to explain the advantages of playing for us, he stopped me cold. 'Mr. Richards,' he said, 'I've heard all that malarkey already. You don't have to feed me that line because I've made up my mind to sign with the Orioles.'"

The majors were not quite what Pappas had expected. "There was a lot of professional jealousy," he recalls, "a lot of resentment. The other players weren't too helpful—it was unheard of, coming out of high school to pitch in the majors. They would say hello or goodby to me and that's about the extent of it. I didn't know how to react. I was so unaware. I thought they'd invite me to sit down and have a bottle of pop with them—I was underage for beer.

"I remember the first time the Yankees came to town. There were 35,000 people in the stands. Art Ceccarelli was pitching. Mantle hit one 400-odd feet, and come the sixth inning, we're losing, 6–2. Brecheen [Harry, the Orioles' pitching coach] told me and George Zuverink to warm up. I said, 'You can't be serious.' You don't put an 18-year-old kid in to pitch against the Yankees. The Senators, maybe. The A's.

"I go out to the bullpen and soon I see Richards signaling, so I give Zuverink a pat on the back. I can hear the crowd—the roar, the hush, the murmurs. Even when they're not talking, they make a lot of noise. In a daze, I hear Brecheen tell me Richards wants me. When I start for the mound, I trip and almost break my skull. Listen, when I joined the club I didn't even know how to put my pants on right or how to roll the two socks under the pants. I felt ridiculous. Here it is. Slaughter, Mantle, Berra and Skowron. What am I doing out here? Mantle got a hit. I pitched two innings, and that was the only hit I gave up. Luckily, the first pitch was a strike."

When Pappas had been up for about three weeks, the Orioles came to New York and Shortstop Willie Miranda asked him to come along to a Spanish *restaurant. "After we got through talk*ing to all his friends," says Pappas, "it's 2:30 a.m. I was rooming with Brooks Robinson and we had only one key, and Brooks had it and he was sleeping and the door was locked. While I was waiting for the assistant manager to get me a key, here comes Richards and the coaches. I'm looking at my watch and it's 3 a.m. Richards says to Brecheen, 'That's one of your pitchers, isn't it?' They rode up behind me in the elevator. I could hear them laughing. I was shaking.

"That was a Friday night and Paul let me fly home since we were beginning a series in Detroit on Tuesday. Monday,

continued



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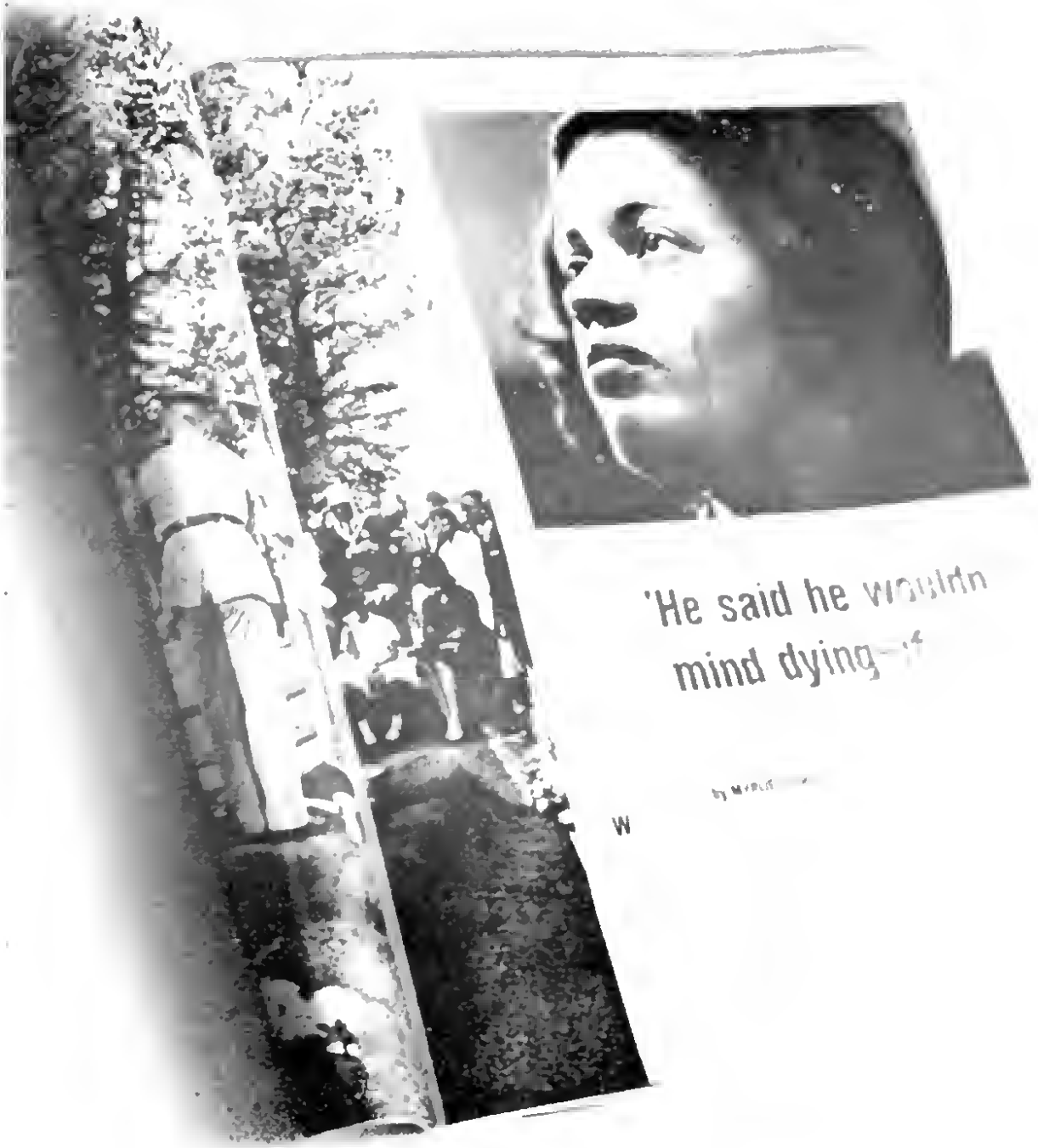
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The rather handsome car above is what you might call a two-time winner. Dodge is leading the nation in percentage sales increase for the second straight year.

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'64 Dodge

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

I'm playing catch in front of my house when there's a call for me. It's Richards. I knew there was only one reason for him to call—I was already in the majors, so I couldn't go up any higher. He told me he was sending me down to Knoxville and bringing up Lenny Green. It was a tremendous letdown, but I was the most likely guy to go and he had caught me in New York. He was showing me he was boss. But he was nice enough to let me stay on for a few days. I walked into the clubhouse on Tuesday and the wiseacres started saying, 'How come you're still here? I thought you got sent down.' I pitched batting practice that day, and I threw as hard as I could. I was aiming at their fists. I broke a few bats in their hands. 'That's what you guys get for mouthing off,' I told them. They complained to Richards, but he did nothing about it."

Pappas pitched only 11 innings for Knoxville, but he enjoyed his fortnight in Class A ball. "Everyone associated with everyone," he says. As it turned out, the day he had his best stuff he had to be taken out before the first inning was over because the Knoxville catcher couldn't handle him. Later, in the clubhouse, Pappas saw the frustrated catcher slashing up his brand-new catcher's mitt with a knife. Pappas returned to Baltimore, but pitched only seven more innings for the Orioles before the season was over. "I'd walk by Richards on purpose," he says. "I'd run by him on the field, trying to get his attention. He knew I was there."

The following spring, at Scottsdale, Ariz., Pappas was pitching well, but he began brooding about whether Richards would keep him. "Typical of me," he says, "I walked up to Richards one day and asked him what I should do with my car. That way I could find out whether I was staying in the majors. 'I'll tell you a little later,' Richards said. I pitched six or seven shutout innings against San Francisco, and Richards said to me, 'Find some guy to drive your car back to Baltimore.' "

Pappas still had not made the team, however. In his third start of the 1958 season, while he was beating Detroit, 3–1, he injured his arm and was taken out. He did not pitch again until six weeks had passed, and then Kansas City knocked him out inside of an inning. At that time the team was a man over the limit, but Pappas did not realize it, or that the expendable player was either Pitcher Charley Beamon or himself. In his next start Pappas beat Kansas City 3–1 on a two-hitter, throwing only 82 pitches. He was in Baltimore for keeps.

Milt Pappas' father and mother are Greek immigrants, and Milt grew up in Detroit where his father owned a grocery in a Negro neighborhood. Pappas has two brothers: Gus, 26, is a mechanical draftsman; Perry, 18, also a pitcher, signed with the Yankees this year for a $15,000 bonus. "I would love to pitch against Perry," Pappas says. "He's as good as I was at the same age."

Pappas never wanted to be anything but a baseball player since he was 9, a

continued



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pitcher since he was 12. "When I was 12," he says, "I was a shortstop. One day we were losing 15–0 and everyone we had in there was doing nothing, so I asked to pitch. I don't remember how I did, but I threw hard and I threw strikes. I had control of the ball game. Right then and there I knew this was it. I felt I had more authority. It was a challenge, pitting your strength against the hitter's strength. The game's all a matter of who's stronger."

Pappas still loves to pitch. "Year after year," he says, "I'm anxious to get going again. My mind is in a daze all winter. It's a wonderful feeling to get up in the morning and look forward to going to the ball park and pitching." About January, Pappas starts getting on edge and begins to dream about pitching. "I dream I pitch a no-hitter," he says, "hit a homer and win 1–0. I dream I pitch 20 games without losing, wind up 30 and 2. I seem to get all the hitters out in my dreams."

Then, when the season starts, he feels another kind of strain. "You're constantly tired mentally on the mound," he says. "I got to take a sleeping pill if I pitch more than three innings. As soon as I go to bed, I rehash the ball game. Kubek hit a slider, low and inside. I thought it was a real good pitch, yet he hit a liner. I sleep four or five hours if I'm lucky, and I'm fighting that half the time, but I don't come home and beat my head against a wall if I lose."

"It's a nervous life," says his wife, Carole, "but he doesn't keep me awake. If he loses, I just let him bring it up. I try to take a soothing interest in what he does, but he doesn't expect me to remember every pitch he threw. He's an easy person to get along with. It takes a lot to make him angry, but he's very down-to-earth—and he'll speak his piece."

On the road, Pappas is one of a handful of major leaguers who have the privilege of rooming alone. "I just like to be alone," he says, "I do what I want to do." At home, the Pappas family, which includes his son, Stevie, 2½, and his daughter, Michelle, 15 months, lives 11 miles from the ball park in Timonium, a suburb of Baltimore. Pappas is very proud of his club cellar, where his full-length portrait is sandblasted into the mirror behind the bar. "It's really a work of art," he says. "You can see my number, 32; my leg is kicked up and the ball

is in my hand. I am ready to pitch."

Last winter, when the Orioles released Billy Hitchcock and were looking for a new manager, Pappas announced that he was ready to take on that job as well, and listed his qualifications and plans. "Everyone says the team needs color," he said at the time. "I'd give it to them by going back to my original name. And I'd run a loose club. We wouldn't have a curfew. Maybe the players wouldn't be happy, but they'd be tired."

One day this February, Pappas sat in the house he had rented in Key Biscayne, an outlying section of Miami, and mused about how he would have managed the team if the Orioles had not gone ahead and hired Bauer in his stead. "In a close situation," he said, "I wouldn't need any relief pitcher. I'm a pretty good hitter—I'd be hitting sixth or seventh in the order—and would never take myself out. If the weather was cold, I'd let someone else start in my turn, unless we were playing the Senators or the White Sox. I'm 12 and three against Chicago.

"Of course, spring training wouldn't be nearly as long. I'd cut down on the running, too, so I could fulfill my other duties. I'm not a real firm believer in running. The only fines I'd have would be for guys coming to the ball park early, or reporting to spring training early. If they come in overweight, like I do, but can get down to playing weight within a month, they get a $500 bonus.

"We'd have a get-together party before spring training every year. I'd rent a suite and we'd drink, talk, eat—get to know each other a little better. If they show me that they're good boys, maybe we'd have two or three of these conferences. Anybody didn't show up for one, fine them $1,000. If the boys show me they like to play and win this game, they can have a little fun out of it, too.

"My son would be the bat boy and I'd give my wife a $7,000- or $8,000-a-year job to clip the newspapers.

"What could you be?" he asked Michelle. "When you grow up you can handle talking to the press—if you keep your fingers out of your mouth."

Milt Pappas reached for his daughter. "You got to inject a little humor into this game," he said, hoisting her onto his lap. "As I said, the game of baseball is for fun, too. That's why I enjoy playing it. I'd play even if they didn't pay me. Of course, this is the best place to play it. You enjoy it more up here." END



Fond of things Italiano?

Having a party? Invite Galliano, the legendary liqueur that sparkles with Italian sunshine... and makes dazzling good cocktails. For those with an adventurous taste, the following recipes are recommended:

BOSSA NOVA SPECIAL

Prize Winning Recipe—[illegible] Beach Hotel Competition
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. light Rum
½ oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
½ oz. White of Egg
½ oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit

SCOTCH FROG COCKTAIL

Prize-Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild
1 oz. Vodka
½ oz. Galliano
½ oz. Cointreau
Juice of 1 lime
Dash of Angostura Bitters
1 teaspoon Maraschino Cherry Juice
Shake and strain into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST

Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL

1 oz. Galliano
1½ oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

COCKTAIL ST. VINCENT

Prize-Winning Recipe—Associazione Italiana Barmen e Sostenitori
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. light Cream
1 oz. Gin
few drops of Grenadine
Shake with ice and serve in cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC

1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

WHITE MINK

1 oz. Galliano
½ oz. Triple Sec
½ oz. Vodka
½ oz. Cream
½ oz. Orange Juice
Shake with ice. Strain into champagne glass.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL

Prize-Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild
1 oz. Galliano
½ oz. Cointreau
½ oz. Orange Juice
½ oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

Mix these drinks with Galliano

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC. NEW YORK, N. Y. © McK&R, 1964

"I'm not worried about fires. I'm just worried about the game's public image," said National League President **Warren Giles** after he ordered "No Smoking" signs posted in all NL dugouts. "If ballplayers want to smoke, the least they can do is go somewhere where nobody can see them. It looks very bush," added nonsmoker Giles.

What with the sap beginning to rise in the linden trees, with Neighbor Khrushchev just turned a benign 70 and not a bit dead after all, with Neighbor De Gaulle all sewed up and good as new again, all was quiet last week on the Western Front—that is, in West Berlin. So what happened? Mayor **Willy Brandt**, 50, took the afternoon off to kick a soccer ball (*below*) with his son, Matthias, 3.



Leaving his baton, his bubbles and his cottage-cheese smile behind, Bandleader **Lawrence Welk** picked up his matched woods and irons and waltzed onto the links at Louisville. And-a-one, and-a-two, and-a-18 holes later, the sweetest musician this side of Guy Lombardo segued home with a creditable 89, to win $1 for the best score of his foursome. "Wunderful, wonderful, wonderful," commented the 61-year-old darling of the rocking-chair set as he slumped down at the 19th hole for a glass of milk.

Be the sky blue for his own college, Harvard crimson or just West Point gray, Yale's brand-new President **Kingman Brewster Jr.** hops on his English bicycle every day, hooks his brown briefcase on a spare finger and pedals the one-third mile from his home on Hillhouse Avenue to his new office on the Yale quad. "I've been riding a bicycle ever since I fell off at the age of 4," said the determined prexy last week as he glided to a graceful stop after coasting the wrong way down a one-way New Haven street.

Sporting a new white helmet and jodhpurs that were too big for him, **Prince Charles** thundered across the polo field in Windsor Great Park on a brown pony with his father, **Prince Philip.** After a few rousing chukkers, the 15-year-old heir to the throne hopped in his father's Alvis and drove back to the castle, with proud papa as a passenger. Was he old enough to drive? Well, technically, no, but his mother owns the park.

Why is America's youth going soft? According to **Georgie Jessel,** the sentimental comic who swam to fame through the tears in *My Mother's Eyes*, it's all Mom's fault. "At the sight of a drop of rain or the fall of a snowflake," scolds the 66-year-old momma's boy of another day, "most American mothers will say, 'Children, don't go out, you'll catch cold. Turn on the TV instead.' "

The rain in Spain fell mainly on the Cantabrian coast last week, but Generalissimo **Francisco Franco,** 71, who runs everything there but the weather, did not mind a bit. He just stood knee-deep in the rain-swollen Eo River and shouted triumphantly, "I got it!" What he had got was six big salmon, weighing 30 to 50 pounds. "Now I can go back to work," said the rain-soaked Caudillo, packing up his rod and reel. "My brain is clear and my batteries are fully recharged."

Arthur Murray plays his tennis in a hurry. Or so it might seem to a stranger suddenly glimpsing the famed dance man on his own private tennis court, which is just two-thirds the size of a regulation one. "The smaller court saves steps," explains Arthur's diminutive partner, Kathryn, who is built to roughly the same scale. "Arthur likes exercise but he doesn't believe in having too much of a good thing."

"Don't be a fool and drop out of school," say the educators. But Philadelphia Eagle Owner **Jerry Wolman** could answer: "Wait 21 years and graduate *cum laude*." Quitting classes in his teens to drive his dad's produce truck, Jerry later amassed more than $35 million in the construction business. "Your success after leaving school entitles you to credit for your senior year," said the Shenandoah (Pa.) school board as it graduated him *summa cum laude* in economics, business and finance.

As the dogwood lining the fairways began to blossom at Ike's old hangout—the Burning Tree Golf Club—a potential new golf nut strode onto the course and got hooked. President **Lyndon B. Johnson** had such a swinging good time on the links, as a matter of fact, that he went out again three more times in 10 days. Using a golf cart only for the uphill holes, the second most famous cured cardiac patient proved to be a strong hitter, but the exact direction of his shots was not always certain.



"I'll get a set of perfect clubs even if I have to make them myself," said Arnold Palmer. And that's just what he did.

These are Arnie's own. He won the Masters with them.

Your pro can now show you the new Arnold Palmer Tru-matic* golf clubs. Swing them. Fondle them. See why one golfer called them "as close to black magic as clubs can ever be."

Arnold Palmer has had a lifelong interest in the design of golf clubs. In his home workshop, he files, saws and alters hundreds of club designs.

Recently, Arnie put together his best ideas of what golf clubs should be. And he formed his own company to make them—*under his personal supervision.*

What makes Arnie Palmer's golf clubs so good? It's a matter of fantastic attention to detail. Consider this:

1. The set is so perfectly matched that all clubs balance at exactly the same point on the shaft. This assures *identical* feel for every club.

2. Each shaft is individually matched to its head. The heavier the head, the firmer the shaft. As a result, every club has the same flex characteristics.

3. The iron heads have a unique back design that permits additional weight at the top of the blade, where most clubs are thin. So even if you hit "fat," there's always plenty of *mass* behind the shot.

4. Irons are polished to a gleaming finish, then given an extra-heavy coating of pure chromium. (Your wife could powder her nose in the back of the club head.)

5. Scientists say that if you could swing exactly the same way each time, the design of the club would give you a perfect shot. Being human, no golfer will ever achieve such machine-like perfection. But Arnold Palmer's clubs, with their uniformity of feel, can bring you closer to the ideal of grooving your swing. And they will give you more confidence in your game.

6. Palmer woods are made of laminated maple, bonded under pressure with waterproof glues, then moisture-sealed with a special penetrant. They are stable in size and hardness, and resistant to warping. (These classic woods are also available in persimmon.)

7. A brass weight of the type used by jewelers for precise weighing is imbedded in the back of each wood. Arnie believes there should always be some weight *behind* the point of impact.

8. Inspection standards are fanatically thorough. No club leaves the factory until it has been rigidly inspected for weight, balance and finish.

9. Don't expect Arnold Palmer clubs to cut 10 strokes off your game overnight. *Do* expect them to relieve you of the handicap of poorly matched equipment—so you can concentrate on your game.

10. When your adversaries see your Arnold Palmer clubs, they'll want to know where you got them. If you're smart, you won't tell them. Stay ahead while you can.

11. Arnie has strong convictions about golf *balls*, too. His new ball is steel-centered, perfectly dimpled, dazzlingly white, incomparable in feel—a perfect companion to the clubs.

12. Arnold Palmer Tru-matic* clubs are made and priced for serious golfers, and are available through pro shops only. Buy a set. And while you're at it, sign up for a few lessons. It can't hurt.

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Arnold Palmer Company, *Chattanooga, Tennessee*



Why do so many college men wear this world-famous court shoe?

(Because the Jack Purcell is as comfortable as your skin.)

This shoe was built for strenuous court play by the real pros. So it had to be utterly comfortable. The exclusive P-F Posture Foundation RIGID WEDGE in the heel was developed to reduce foot and leg muscle strain. The Hygeen® cushion insole not only cushions your foot but will not absorb perspiration. And there is not a single stitch in the heel cup to give you blisters. It walks softly but is never bouncy. It is cool on your foot. Is it any wonder the classic lines and unique construction of the Jack Purcell have been so widely imitated? Imitated, but never equalled. At better sporting goods stores, or write: The B.F.Goodrich Company, Watertown, Mass.

B.F.Goodrich

Quadrangle fits nicely in a racing oval

By winning the Wood Memorial, the robust colt became a Derby threat to Hill Rise and Northern Dancer

If the entries in the May 2 Kentucky Derby were to be judged purely on looks in Madison Square Garden's showring the chances are that the grand championship blue ribbon would wind up in the trophy case of Paul Mellon, whose fabulous 3,500-acre farm in Upperville, Va. is something of a blue ribbon showcase itself. Mellon, a sportsman who belongs to what racing traditionalists still refer to as the "old school," is a fox hunter, an enormously wealthy financier, a collector of priceless art and also one of the few men you will find wandering around a racetrack (or anywhere else) in a gray pinstriped double-breasted suit.



ROUNDING FIRST TURN in the nine-furlong Wood, Quadrangle (2) is just off the pace

What Mr. Mellon has going for him at this particular moment of the horse racing year is a magnificent bay colt named Quadrangle.

Quadrangle is trained by Elliott Burch—which does not hurt any Thoroughbred—and last Saturday for the 40th Wood Memorial he was ridden by Bill Hartack—which does not hurt, either. By combining their talents before 58,132 Aqueduct spectators, they beat eight rivals over the mile-and-an-eighth distance. And suddenly everyone in racing realized that Quadrangle may be just the horse to change the Big Two of Hill Rise and Northern Dancer into the Big Three. Certainly Quadrangle ran in the Wood as though he were just starting to improve—not like a horse who already has reached his peak.

Only two of the nine horses in the Wood ever had the lead, and one of them, Mr. Brick, once again proved two things: 1) he'll run as fast as he can as far as he can and 2) he is just not up to beating top-quality colts at nine furlongs. This time, as he did in the Flamingo, he took the lead immediately. If someone had not gone with him it is possible that he would have stolen the race in the first half mile. But the someone that did go

continued



set by Mr. Brick. They held these positions to the stretch, when Quadrangle surged ahead.



"YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME DOING THIS AGAIN," says Reynolds. Photograph was taken a few months before the author gave up smoking.

It's hard for a writer to GIVE UP SMOKING

Here's how I cut from 4 packs to 0 in 5 days

by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

A SURGEON can't very well operate with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. When counsel addresses the jury, he doesn't stop for an occasional puff. But it's easy for a writer to smoke at his typewriter. In fact, I'd say that excessive smoking may well be one of the peculiarities of the craft.

I know that I smoked for thirty years 4 or 5 packs a day. I didn't think there was any easy way to stop. Then something happened!

Some time ago I was flying to Louisville with a few friends. A horse called Chateaugay was about to surprise us by walking away with the Derby. In the group was a friend of mine who doubles as my doctor. After listening to me hold forth for about twenty minutes on why Candy Spots was a shoo in, he said, "Quent, what's the matter with your voice?" I realized then that for some time I had been getting more and more hoarse and gravelly. "I'm going to have a look at that throat when we get back to New York," said the doctor.

A few days later I heard his verdict. "That throat of yours is as red as a maraschino cherry," he told me. "No more smoking for you!"

I dare say thousands have faced the same problem, but I still say it's harder for a writer to give up smoking than for anyone else. Fortunately, I have a secretary who is notably resourceful. She had heard about a little white pill called Bantron which has helped people all over the world to stop smoking. She got me a box. And in just 5 days, taking one of these little pills after every meal, I gave up smoking entirely.

I had absolutely no withdrawal pangs. Stopping was easier than I ever expected. Bantron didn't affect my taste in any way. It didn't even make me dislike smoking. It just removed the craving. I was so impressed that I became a kind of crusader. I wanted everybody who needed to stop smoking to hear about Bantron. I made some inquiries and found that it had an interesting, even dramatic, background.

The Bantron formula was discovered by doctors in the research department of a great American university. Its active ingredient is lobeline sulphate. Lobeline sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant, sometimes called Indian Tobacco. Hundreds of years ago the Indians, when they couldn't get tobacco, used to smoke the leaves and pretty blue flowers of this plant as a substitute. The extract is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action without being habit forming. The lobeline acts by displacing the nicotine in the system and helps curb the desire for tobacco.

So startling were the first results obtained with this little pill that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that 83%—more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to stop smoking—did so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with its help. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

The discovery of the Bantron formula was reported in medical journals and newspapers all over the world. It was granted a patent by the United States Government. People everywhere who desired to stop smoking wanted to know how they could get this new pill. The Campana Corporation of Batavia, Illinois, was chosen to market it. Bantron is now being sold in over 14 countries.

My own experience with Bantron had an interesting aftermath. At the time, I was doing the commentary on a new series of films about World War II that were being produced in Hollywood. After Bantron had helped me stop smoking, I went back to Hollywood to finish the series. But alas—I had a new voice. It wasn't like my old voice at all. It was so much clearer and better. The difference was so striking that in the upshot they had to do the whole of the first part of the series over.

Because of what it did for me, I am a firm believer in Bantron. If you have a smoking problem, try this amazing little pill. It really works! Bantron® is so safe when taken as directed, that you can get it in the U.S. and Canada at all drugstores without a prescription.

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with him was Quadrangle, and it seemed, when the two of them rolled along the backstretch—Mr. Brick with his tail switching curiously and Quadrangle under a tight Hartack hold—that Mr. Mellon's pride could take the lead whenever he wanted to. "He's always been a good gate horse anyway," said Trainer Burch later, "but this time we put blinkers on for the first time, because he has a tendency to loaf. He likes to run with the pace and didn't get his chance to do that in the Flamingo. He was bumped and then crowded at the start."

In the Wood, Hartack kept Quadrangle free of trouble at all times. He moved to the lead at the head of the stretch, and although Mr. Brick hung on with the courageous tenacity of a Crozier trying to fight off a Carry Back, Quadrangle won by half a length. Roman Brother made a run at both the leaders turning for home but then gave way and finished third, nearly two lengths behind Mr. Brick. Behind them came Traffic, Chieftain, Sacred River, Knightly Manner (who ran one of the few bad races of his career to disqualify himself from a Derby trip), Twice as Gay and Timbeau. Quadrangle covered the distance in 1:49 1/5, the same time registered by No Robbery a year ago. But he won like a big country colt, with his ears pricked; and Hartack, who has been committed to ride Northern Dancer in the Derby (*see page 28*) was moved to remark with most untypical Hartack enthusiasm, "This is a running son of a gun. He's a real good horse."

There is no reason why Quadrangle should not be a real good horse. A Mellon home-bred, he is one of the first sons of Cohoes out of the stakes-producing mare Tap Day by Bull Lea, from whom, apparently, he inherits his ample size: 16 hands 1 inch and 1,100 pounds. "He was a little gawky as a 2-year-old," says Burch, "and because of his size we brought him along slow." After only six starts at 2, Quadrangle (who is named for the area at Yale where Elis used to gather on Tap Day to be picked for membership in senior societies) has only been to the races four times this season. At Hialeah last February he lost his first time out to Calumet Farm's Ky. Pioneer, but only by a head. In the Flamingo, after all the trouble at the start, he nonetheless finished third behind Northern Dancer and Mr. Brick. Then, two and half weeks before the Wood, he beat Knightly Man-

continued



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ner a neck in a one-mile allowance race at Aqueduct.

Although his sire, Cohoes, may not have been a true classic horse when he raced a few seasons back for Greentree, he did win stakes at 2, 3 and 4, and in 1958 he beat Bold Ruler in the Brooklyn Handicap and Gallant Man in the Sysonby. Quadrangle has a half-sister named Secret Step, who won seven races abroad and was considered one of the best sprinters in England, where she and approximately a dozen other Mellon-owned horses are in the care of Trainer Peter Hastings-Bass.

"I would say that Quadrangle is the best, or certainly potentially the best, horse I have ever owned," says Mellon. "He was going easily at the end of the Wood, and that's what I liked about his race. That and, of course, the way he moved to the front."

A day before the race Burch was talking about Quadrangle at his barn at Belmont Park. "I don't think I'm out of the running for the Derby," he said. "This colt will win his share." The question next week is whether that share includes the wreath of roses that Burch's Sword Dancer gave up by the margin of a skimpy nose to Tomy Lee in the 1959 Derby.

•

Hill Rise, still a Kentucky Derby favorite although he had not raced in the seven weeks since he took the Santa Anita Derby, got his first prep at Keeneland last Friday and won The Forerunner, a seven-furlong, hetless exhibition, rather handily. He will have his final tune-up in the one-mile Derby Trial at Churchill Downs April 28. His major rival, Northern Dancer, goes in this week's Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, the mile-and-an-eighth test that Chateaugay won a year ago to set himself up as a serious Derby contender.

Two of Hill Rise's familiar foes, Real Good Deal and Wil Rad, hooked up in the California Derby at Golden Gate Fields with the former winning by nearly a length. Real Good Deal, at 17 hands 2 inches, must be the largest 3-year-old in training, but his owner, Ellwood B. Johnston, does not think he is mature enough to rate a trip to Kentucky. Wil Rad, an unfashionably-bred son of an Irish stallion named Dumpty Humpty, is, however, going to give it a try. With nothing but sprinting blood in his veins it looks like a futile trip across the Rockies. END



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ROWING / *Hugh Whall*

The race problem at Howard is how to win

Spring exploded like an atom bomb over Connecticut's Housatonic River last week as the April temperature shot without warning into the 80s. Under the sudden summer sun, white-skinned rowers from Yale and Rutgers looked curiously out of place. But one crew on the Housatonic, a crew whose skin tones ranged from rich café au lait to deepest mahogany, seemed right at home on the sun-drenched river. These were the oarsmen from Washington, D.C.'s Howard University, the first Negro institution to crash the exclusive ranks of college rowing.

In straight racing terms, the Howard crewmen did not do too well on the Housatonic. Their varsity boat finished last in a three-boat race—well behind Yale's third varsity. Nevertheless, Howard managed to give the Rutgers third varsity a real run for second place, and its volunteer coach, 34-year-old George Washington University Law Professor Stuart Law, was far from dismayed. "We're getting better all the time," he beamed, as though his boys had just swept home to a victory at the Henley Regatta.

Law, a white man whose father once captained the Yale 150-pound crew, is no crusader for equality. His only interest in races is how to get his boys to the finish line first. And if the Howard crew ever pickets anybody, it will likely be Coach Law. "One of my faults," he said as he ran his varsity and freshman crews through a practice session last week, "is I tend to overwork the crews before a race. I think it helps calm their prerace nervousness. And it helps calm me, too. Let that boat run out," he suddenly yelled, as his shells sliced downwind, their oars dripping spray. The Howard shells were spoiling for a sprint, the freshmen slightly ahead of the varsity. "O.K., freshmen, go," yelled Law at last. Go they did—enthusiastically if a little raggedly. "O.K., varsity, get 'em," bellowed the coach a second later through an old tin megaphone, and the varsity beat soared as the rowers took off in hot pursuit.

Coach Law himself has rowed much

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of his life. He manned an oar in the first Yale freshman boat to beat Harvard in 13 winless years. He rowed on Yale's varsity, won a championship in sculling and in 1956 finished fourth in the Olympic trials. But never before has he tackled anything like the job he has now. "When I came to Howard," says Law, "the only Negro crew I had ever seen was on *The Late Late Show* paddling a canoe down the Congo River." And what was true for him was true for everyone.

One man who decided to change that state of affairs was Howard alumnus Howland Ware, who got the idea as he watched the Eastern Sprints in 1950. "It was so exciting," he says, "I just figured Howard had to have a crew."

In their first years, however, what the Howard oarsmen needed even more than the money Alumnus Ware provided was someone to teach them how to row. Then Professor Law volunteered his services, and ever since the Howard crew has improved steadily. Last year it beat American University, this year it beat Purdue, rowed a dead heat with American University and Drexel and lost to Fordham by only two seconds.

Coach Law's worst problem now is keeping his crew intact. Howard, he says, loses nearly 50% of each freshman class before graduation. Academic standards are high, and competition for the limited enrollment is fierce. As soon as a student shows flunking marks, out he goes. The fact that he might row stroke on the varsity crew makes no difference. Moreover, most of Law's freshman candidates are as unfamiliar with rowing as land crabs. Many of his varsity crewmen, in fact, took up rowing only to keep in shape for football and wrestling. Rudolph Smith, his No. 3, was one of these. "But," said Smith after the race last week, "I soon found out that I liked rowing better. Out there on the water you have to depend on yourself to go all the way. There aren't any substitutes. Rowing isn't a great spectator sport, and you don't get to be a hero. You have to do it just because you like it."

Oarsman Smith obviously likes it—and so do the rest of the Howard rowers. Propelled by Law's urging, the university's official recognition (this year it allocated $9,500 of athletic funds to rowing), and their own enthusiasm, the Howard crewmen may end up at Henley. **END**

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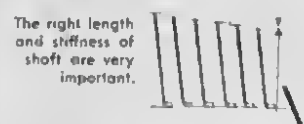


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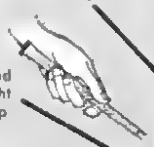
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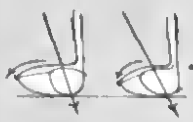




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Few travelers pass through the lovely West Virginia gorge anymore. Serene and scenic, it provides superior white-water canoeing and, for today's sedentary man, some healthy risks

CONTINUED

Above Royal Glen dam at Petersburg, West Virginia, the South Branch of the Potomac River flows through 12 miles of wild, uninhabited gorge. The river is pinned tightly between North Fork Mountain on the west and Cave Mountain on the east. Peaks in these ridges are over 3,000 feet, and in many places the mountains rise straight up from the river, in cliffs 1,000 or 1,500 feet high.

This gorge is called the Smokehole, and the reason why becomes apparent as soon as one lights a fire along the river. Smoke is protected by the gorge's high walls and will hang over a camp, motionless, in a flat canopy. The first white explorers, looking down from the rim, found the hole full of smoke. Below, Indians, who made of the gorge a fishing and hunting camp, burned drying fires on the ledges and in the shallow shelter caves that pock the cliffs.

Places, just as people, can give a first, strong, abstract impression of their character. Thus you file away the memory of a frozen, windy Ontario lake under barren skies. Dark is the word for a camp made on a hummock in a dank Virginia swamp. One week, late in November, we climbed up from the Valley of Oaxaca into the Sierra Madre of southern Mexico. The light was harsh, lemon yellow. The valley floor was yellow from drought. Acre after bright acre of wild marigolds bloomed golden on the sides of the mountains. Our memory of this place is yellow.

Clean is the Smokehole. The river is cold and clear. The water is jade-green marble, with veins of white where the current breaks over scoured boulders and ledges. (This is the same Potomac that flows sluggishly past Washington, by then dark as chocolate, heavy with silt, garbage and sewage.) The cliffs rising from the river are bare and clean. Only a thin skin of vegetation can cling to the rock: mosses, lichens, some stunted white cedar, Virginia pine, columbine, polypody ferns, prickly pear. Frequently landslides strip off even this poor cover, leaving great scars of sterile rock from river level to canyon rim.

On the Cave Mountain side of the gorge there is in some places a narrow strip of level bench. The benches are heavily, softly turfed and are as open and neat as parkland. A few deserted farms and cabins still stand on these benches. The unpainted slab buildings bleach pale, paler, clean, cleaner, season after season.

The clean water, the clean cliffs, the clean benches are insulated in a gorgeful of clean air. Fresh-air descriptions in these days of self-conscious modern living are no longer fresh, having been appropriated by persuaders for deodorants, air conditioners and cigarettes, but the truth remains that the genuine article has body, flavor and kick. Good air feels good, tastes good, smells good. In the Smokehole, for one place, you can sit down, simply breathe—and be doing something worthwhile.

The process of civilizing, humanizing the land has been reversed in the Smokehole. The gorge is less used, less visited by men now than it has been for a century or more. For generations, families of the small, tenacious Smokehole Settlement farmed the benches, made whisky and grazed sheep on the mountain, but the last of these settlers was driven out by a series of terrible floods and landslides in the late 1940s. Now there is not a single permanent dwelling from a point below a federal campground in the upper gorge to Royal Glen, some 10 miles down. Each year now, the few tortuous, abandoned roads that lead over Cave Mountain to the old Smokehole farms get a little worse. There are still at least two of them that are barely passable with a very good jeep and driver, but it takes a rough hour and a half to get from the last hard road to the river.

Most of the canyon is not fished or hunted much these days because of the time and effort it takes to get into the place. Still, there is an interesting and increasing wildlife community in the gorge: deer, bear, turkey, bobcat, perhaps an otter or two, bank beaver and the smaller mammals. There are big trout in some of the river holes.

Among the few regular visitors now are white-water canoeists who have the means and desire for getting into the gorge. We came, John and I, one Good Friday, to clean ourselves up. We came, too, because we knew we could go two days without meeting another soul. We hoped to see bear and beaver and brake fern, and, as always, there was the certainty of finding fine waters to paddle with and against.

One thing should be said about the motives of those who run the Smokehole in a canoe. Anyone who knows enough about white water to consider the trip knows that there are certain dangers in the passage. Paddlers who enter the Smokehole do so at least in part for the pleasure of engaging the risks.

Nowadays you can respectably speak for sin or against motherhood, but the consensus is that anyone who has a good word for moderate risk is either sick or subversive. So be it. The good word for risk is this: there are times when a little risk will do for living what lime juice did for the British navy—keep down the scurvy.

John and I and others are not frustrated suicides. We value our skins as highly as the next citizen. The point is that sometimes it is good to have to protect your skin or else lose some of it. What with seat belts, tenure, committees, plastic goggles, mutual funds, filtered cigarettes, personnel managers and nonexplosive firecrackers, it is getting hard to find risk in the normal course of things. You must go farther and farther out to engage in action where the penalties for error, for ignorance, for weakness, rashness and timidity follow immediately, obviously and uncomfortably. This is one reason why accountants gladly descend into caves, salesmen struggle up the precipitous sides of mountains and chemists fall without a trace of remorse through the sky.

This is not to claim that the Smokehole is a monster, man-mangling river. There are other, more dangerous rivers where the penalties for error are more severe, but the Smokehole's white water can force you into as many errors as any river that flows. Canoeists use a numerical scale, one to six, to describe the difficulty of rivers. One is flat water, slow current, flowing unobstructed, safe for

novices and motorboats. Six is white water so fast, with so many difficult spots, that only a very good, strong, lucky paddler can hope to get through. On this scale the Smokehole is rated between four and five. This is right for John and me. If paddlers were scored as rivers are we would be four or five. Ten years ago we were sixes, but we have come back a bit in agility, strength and nerve and the luck that flows out of skill.

On that Good Friday morning we put a 15-foot canoe into the water at the head of the canyon. There were still large patches of snow on the tops of both North Fork and Cave mountains. On the river it was mild, clear and calm, one of the first true spring days. At our put-in place the South Branch is only 30 yards wide and the current rips along at five or six miles an hour, a very good river speed. The channel is shallow, littered with boulders, ledges and scree. This is what makes white water—a swift, shallow river going over, around, between big rocks.

The first rapids are a typical Smokehole run. A long boulder with smaller rocks and debris piled up behind it makes a big jagged dike extending from the right bank well past midstream. This barrier compresses the current and forces it toward the left bank, where the canyon wall comes sheer into the water. The current bashes into the wall, rises up and recoils in a great haystack of piled water. Below the haystack is a line of rough standing waves marking the current as it turns away from the wall again. This pattern is sickle-shaped, the main channel approaching the rapids being the tang, and the current as it hooks around the dike of rock representing the blade. The reality can be as ominous as the image.

In such a place you must go in with the current, letting it carry you safely past the rocks on the right but retaining enough control to pull out before the water overpowers you. The turn is the critical move. If you wait too long or swing out weakly, the powerful current will smash a canoe into the canyon wall.

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If you are shy of the wall, turn away too soon or too strongly, the stern will be swung broadside in the current, and the canoe will swamp or flip over in the first haystack.

We sculled out from the right bank, sidling toward the middle of the stream, the tang of the sickle. As the current caught us, John on the left bow began to draw. He leaned out over the water, pulling the blade of his paddle straight back at right angles to the canoe, drawing the bow to the left, toward the canyon wall. In the stern, on the right, I began to sweep, reaching the paddle out and drawing it back through the water in a long flat arc to move us in the same direction. Fully into the upper curve of the sickle, we took two or three short power strokes—in fast current the canoe must move faster than the water or it cannot be controlled—bringing us to the wall quickly and so close that we could see the individual fronds of tiny ferns growing in the rock. John held his blade for a brief moment, until an inch or so of the bow had been driven into the churning haystack that rebounded from the wall. Then, right as he could be, John dug in and pried—the reverse of the draw stroke, the paddle pushing straight away from the gunwale—forcing the bow away from the wall and across the current. I braced my paddle to backwater and complete the pivot John had begun. We both leaned to the right, throwing the left gunwale up out of the water. For a moment the canoe hung on the vertical side of the big haystack, which lunged and spat at us. John drew, and I swept again to right ourselves coming out of the turn, but our recovery was a fraction of a second slow. For a yard or so we took the downstream standing waves slightly cross bow rather than cutting them cleanly, head on, as we should have done. It was a very small error but enough to draw an instant rebuke from the river. A half gallon of water flew up over the bow and smacked John in the face and chest.

"Hoo," John yelled, partly from shock, partly from pleasure. We made the proper recovery and came through the remainder of the chute straight, bouncing and bucking over the standing waves.

At the foot of the rapids we pulled into the shelter of a back eddy.

"I am exhilarated," John said fiercely. It is the way he talks, like the college professor he is, but he is not a pretentious man, only precise in his language. We were both exhilarated, high with the sight, sound, smell and feel of spring, of white water, our paddles and our paddling. As dogs roll in the grass in apparent glee, so that day John and I rolled, careened, bucked, drew, swept, pried, ferried and ran through the white water of the Smokehole. Twice having made good runs in heavy rapids, we beached, took our canoe back upstream and ran the stretch again, just for the hell of it. We were having the kind of day boys do, winter past, the world full of sunshine, a reawakening of life's mysteries and hope.

Even with a good partner tandem paddling is harder than solo—two minds, two paddles react more slowly than one —but there are compensations. Taking a canoe through white water with a knowing partner is to share the experience completely, to an almost telepathic degree. Your bowman knows when you are right, when you risk his neck and when you save it, when you have been indecisive or confident, rash or timid. You know the same about him.

Contrary to how it may seem to those who know canoeing as a lake or lazy river sport, the bowman in white water is not along just for the ride. He is the one who gets the spray, waves and, if things go badly, the rocks in his face. In rapids the bowman is the tactical commander, picking the passages and setting the strokes. The theory is that, using half a dozen steering strokes, he will bring the bow through, around or past heavy water. The sternman has only to make sure that his half of the canoe can follow the bow.

In practice, the responsibility for a passage cannot be so neatly divided. No matter how smartly one paddler operates, he has little time or reason to savor his triumph if the other half of the canoe swamps or wraps around a rock. Therefore the sternman must anticipate what

continued

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his bow wants to do and help him into position to make his move. The bowman, having made his turn, must judge the effects of his strokes on the stern and help his partner compensate.

Because we were high, John and I came through the Smokehole that day like jugglers, tossing our thoughts and moves between the bow and stern with never a bobble. I would give John a position stroke at the head of a chute. He would catch my move, improvise his own strokes on it and, as he did, throw back something for me to use in the recovery he anticipated I had to make and believed I would make. We could do no wrong. Our tactics always worked. Our turns were sharp and quick. We paddled again like six water men. We had the very best of white-water paddling all that Good Friday afternoon.

One of the unique pleasures of Smokehole cruising is that there are good, empty camping spots everywhere. Thus in midafternoon, when we pulled out on the east bank at Shoock Hollow, we found everything we needed. There was a narrow strip of gravel beach for taking out a canoe and building a fire. There was enough squaw wood on the beach to cook a dozen meals without using an ax. Above the beach was a long, level strip of well-turfed bench where a sleeping bag could be laid out anyplace. Fifty yards across the bench a clear, strong spring rose. *Swiss Family Robinson, Robinson Crusoe*, even—forgetting the aftermath—*Lord of the Flies.*

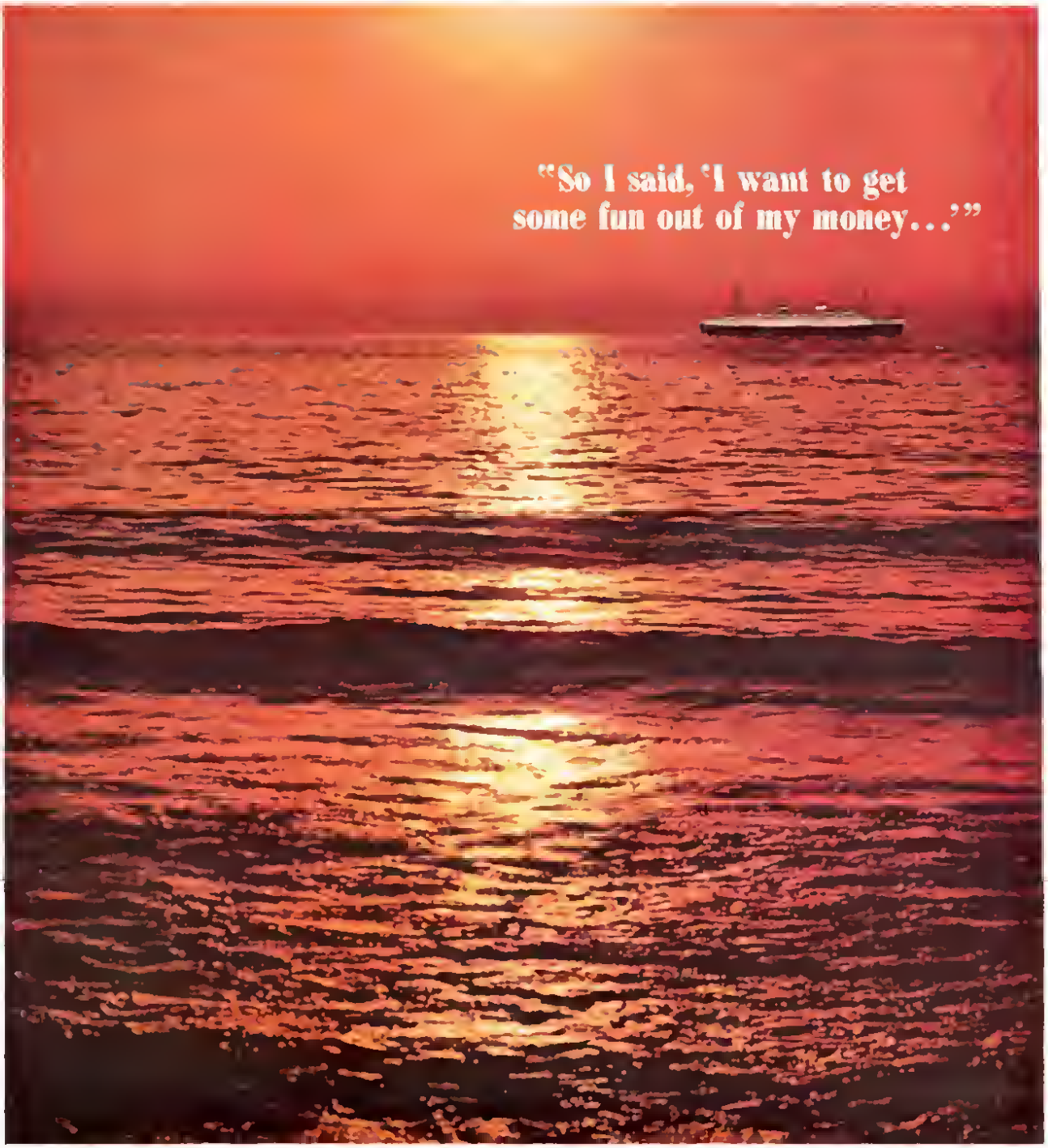
The Shoock Hollow clearing, the bench, is a quarter of a mile wide, a mile long, between two cliffs which jut out from Cave Mountain to the river. The knob above the Hollow has a peculiar configuration and is called Bulls Head. Several small streams come down from Bulls Head, through draws, to the bench and river.

Shoock Hollow once was a principal river settlement in the gorge. A schoolhouse, two farmhouses, a cabin and various outbuildings, all abandoned, still stand on the bench. After supper we sat on the schoolhouse steps to smoke and look around. You can judge the place in two ways. With the eye of a tourist you can see it as a beautiful, romantic spot to camp, to cruise through for a few days. There are the old, empty farms, the narrow strip of open, green pasture, the river running green and white, the swatch of yellow gravel beach, the dark massive ring of protecting mountains, peace and solitude, quiet and clean, clean air.

But you can see it all in another way, as the families who once farmed the Hollow must have, as a hard, lonely and finally impossible place in which to live. There are flood marks on the schoolhouse, and across the river there are two great scars where landslides have cleaned off the cliff. (Try to see and hear the nights in the spring of 1949 when the rising river was an irresistible torrent, when great chunks of the mountain were splitting apart, thundering down into the canyon.) Behind the schoolhouse, up into a draw, you can make out the rutted remains of the road. It climbs, then hangs to the side of the mountain for nearly 10 miles before it reaches a public highway. Thousands of hours of hard labor went into making this precarious trail, and thousands more were spent to keep it open. (Consider this road in the winter. This is high, cold country. The mountains catch 100 inches or so of snow every winter. When the snow came, people on the wrong side of the mountain, in Shoock Hollow, stayed put. They remained there until there was a thaw.)

The strip of riverside bench land is pretty and in the beginning must have been very fertile, but there was never enough of it. There was room for a house, a chicken yard, kitchen garden, a field of corn, a bit of cow pasture, but no place for a real cash crop. The only other land was on Bulls Head. First the slopes were timbered for cash, for fences, houses, furniture. Then the sheep were put out on the mountain. Year after year they scrambled over Bulls Head, pulverizing the earth, stripping away the tough cover with their strong jaws. As the cover disappeared, so did the thin layer of topsoil. The rain and wind scalped the slopes of Bulls Head, leaving them as they are today, dry deserts

continued



We hear it so often: "I work too hard to spend it on insurance." The words change but the tune is the same: some people would rather *enjoy* themselves than buy insurance. Point is, you can do *both*. A good insurance program does not have to be planned at the expense of The Good Life. *But* it takes one heck of an insurance man to make it all come true. He must be alert to the special opportunities presented by the wide range of Prudential policies. He must be jealous of your interests, conversant with tax law and accountancy developments, sophisticated enough to know the part insurance should play in your total financial picture. In short it takes the Prudential "pro." Isn't it about time you talked to the *professional* insurance agent who can prove: a *good insurance program does not have to be planned at the expense of The Good Life!*

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of rock and red clay, fit only to grow prickly pear and scrub sumac. In the end their own sheep, as much as floods, landslides and isolation, drove the people out of Shoock Hollow and from all the Smokehole Settlement. Just, natural retribution, it may seem, but these people were not state college agronomists, organic farmers living on fat land. Nobody paid them to keep the timber on and the sheep off Bulls Head. In the Smokehole, even from the first, it must have been root hog or die. The families needed the timber and they needed the sheep to make a go of it.

Deserted homesteads anywhere share a common metaphysical odor, compounded of history and tragedy. It is a compelling scent, and the urge to explore abandoned buildings and to speculate on their uses and users is irresistible.

On a ridge above Shoock Hollow there is an empty cabin whose owners were habitual snuffers and because of the habit became virtuosos at the use of empty snuff cans. Snuff cans were wedged between the log walls to keep out the wind and to give body to the mud chinking. The rusty cookstove was leveled with wedges of flattened snuff cans. On the smoke-blackened, pack-rat-gnawed shelves there were snuff cans filled with wax, with bits of string, petrified sugar and common pins. There was a small rag doll, a generation past its prime, which had been given heart and backbone by a snuff can. The loft of the cabin was ankle-deep in reserve snuff cans.

Another Smokehole house had been more substantial than the snuff cabin. Around the house there was a picket fence, now showing gaps like a 6-year-old's mouth. Straggly rose canes struggled with wild blackberry vines along the fence. Boards were missing from the front porch, but the view of the canyon was as good as it had ever been. The frame of the house had sagged and the whole building was listing, but once, 50, 75, 100 years ago, this had been a brand-new house, the lumber, probably sawed on the place, unchecked, solid, un-

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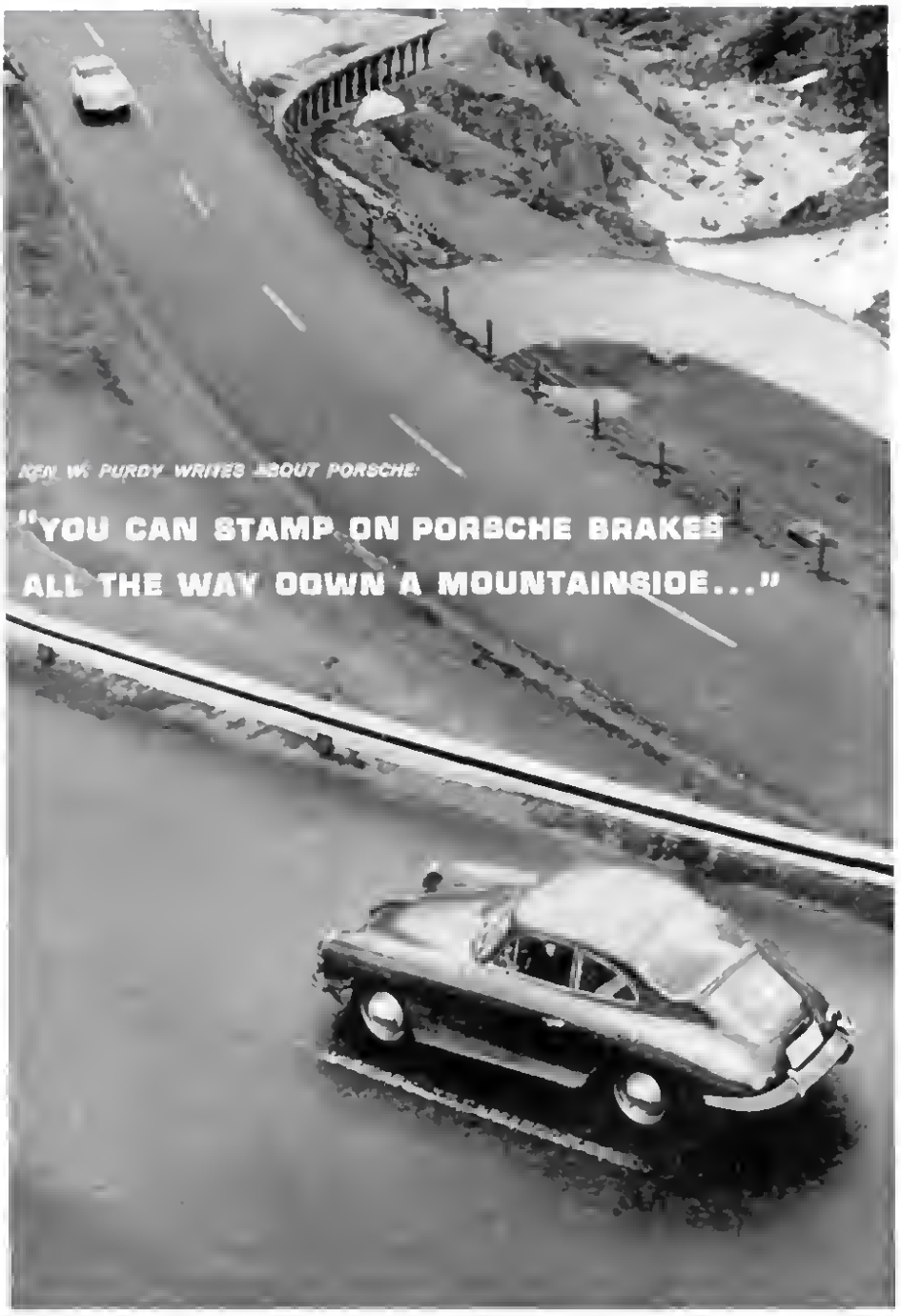


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PORSCHE

warped. Someone (a young man, because the house was built to last) had put it together. Someone (a young man and a woman, because this was a family house) had moved in when it was new. "That loft, when we get the chance, honey, we can finish her real nice. Plenty of room to stand up in, too. We'll need the room."

Either because the last occupants of the homestead vacated in a hurry or because it was too hard to haul it out of the canyon, much of the furniture had been left in this house. In the drawer of a massive oak bureau there was a pile of letters, some of which had not been shredded by nesting deer mice. If there is anyone who will not read other people's mail found in an abandoned house I do not care to know him.

The letters, V-mail, were from a soldier son. In thousands of bureau drawers there must be tons of V-mail saying much the same sort of thing that this Smokehole boy said 20 years ago. "I ate goat." "I talked to a guy thats daddy came from Petersburg and thats aunt is Mrs ——— who has a place somewhere around Elkins." "Got your letter about Belle. It is too bad because she was the best dog we ever had. There is a lot of dogs around here but they do not take care of them very good. They are sure skinny and poor."

Through the letters there ran a strain of "How you going to keep them down in the Smokehole after they've seen Camp Custer, Tunis, Naples?"

"A real good huddy of mine who is from a place called Hagerstown which is in Maryland says his daddy could fix it up so as we could get a Good Gulf station. We're just figuring. It gives something to talk about. This buddy of mine figures we could get all the shop tools we need reasonable which the Army will not want anymore once this is over if it gets over."

The V-mail letters, like the landslide scars and the eroded land, are evidence of what had happened to the Smokehole farms. The young ones found out they did not have to or would be damned if they would be snowed in all winter.

break their backs grubbing rocks out of played-out land, hunt imbecile ewes in a blizzard, spend the better part of a day getting to town. They got themselves Good Gulf stations and brick houses on the pavement and cars that were too low for the boulders and ruts in the Shoock Hollow Road. Who is to blame them? Paddling tourists who spend only a warm spring weekend in the Smokehole admire the place and then go back to the city, where there has not been a landslide in recorded geological history.

Below Shoock Hollow the character of the gorge changes. The mountains open up a bit, and the river spreads out. There is still good white water, and some fast runs, but the paddling is not as hard as it is above. Our mood changed correspondingly on Saturday. We enjoyed ourselves, but not with the high elation of Friday. We used the canoe, the white water as a means of exploring the gorge. On a dry cliff we found a patch of purple-stemmed cliff brake—an uncommon fern. Drifting in a back eddy we watched a pair of Cooper's hawks spiraling, gliding, passing at each other in their courting flight. We surprised a turkey cock along the river and he disappeared into the brush, running like a horse. We saw bank beaver, bear sign and shadblow in bloom.

On Friday we had no time or thought for anything but the contest between us and the river. On Saturday we gave the river only part of our attention, treating it like an opponent we had already beaten. About two miles above Royal Glen, where we planned to take out the canoe, the river came back at us and in its last try very nearly caught us.

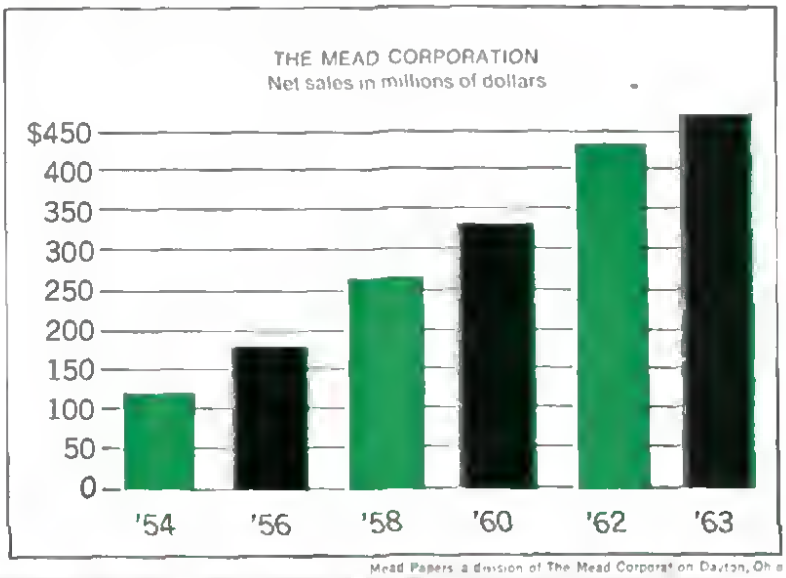
The river was a hundred yards wide when we came to a place where a long ledge of rock lay from bank to bank. The water flowed over this natural dam in four big gaps. Below, there appeared to be a maze of gravel bars and low, brush-covered islands separating the chutes. From upstream there was little to choose among the four passages, but ordinarily in such places the middle channels have more water and are safer. However, we chose the far right chute for no better reason than that it flowed

continued

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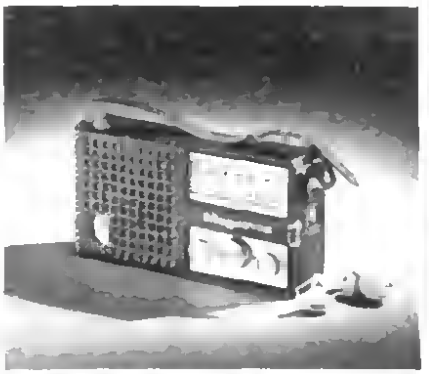


top of the morning

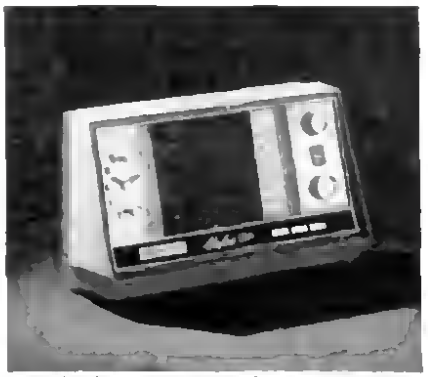
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along the cliff and we were hunting rock plants.

We made a smooth, fast run through the breach, but as soon as we were below the ledge we saw we were trapped. The cliff rose straight out of the water on our right. On the left there was a high ridge of rock, starting just below the chute and angling toward the cliff, making a funnel-shaped formation. The end of the funnel, the gap between the foot of the ridge and the face of the cliff, was about five feet wide. We could have squeezed through here except that a big hemlock had either washed down in high water or fallen from the cliff and lodged in this opening. What with the trunk, the sharp, broken stobs of limb, the rock and the cliff, all that was left above water was a hole about the size of an oil drum. All the water in the chute was driven through this keyhole, looking as angry and powerful as the discharge from a fire hydrant.

We made two futile moves to stop in the funnel. We drew to the side of the cliff, but it was too regular to provide a back eddy and too slippery to hold against in the current. We reached for the ridge on the left, but it was no better, the rock having been polished by the river. By then we were within two canoe lengths of the keyhole. It was obvious that, like it or not, we were going to be driven into this small opening by the hundreds or thousands or whatever tons of water rolling down from behind. It was also obvious that if we stayed with the canoe we would hit either the tree or rocks face first. John and I took the only alternative and dived over the gunwale, kicking the canoe ahead of us.

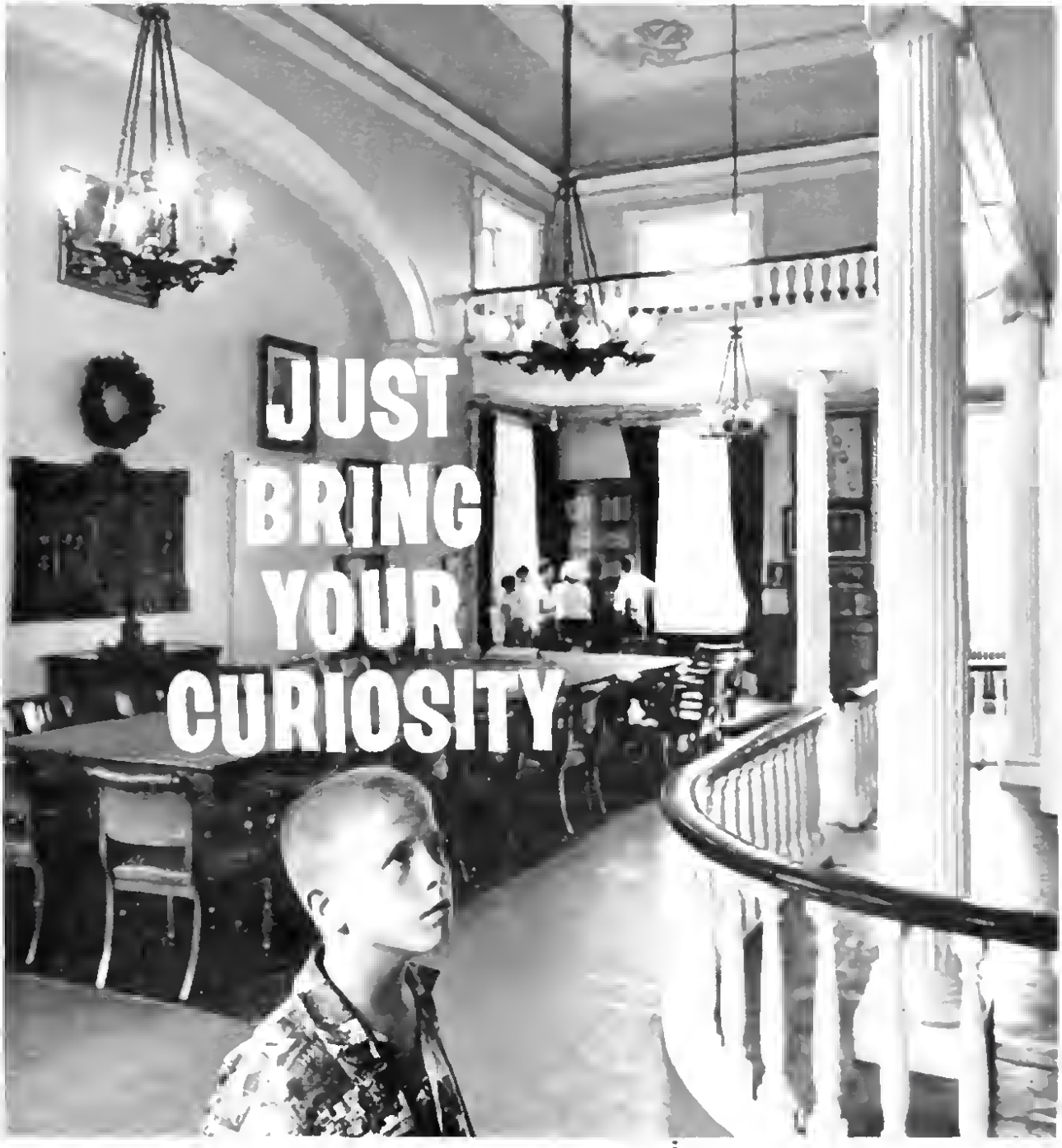
I thought, dive deep and stay under. Having seen the rocks and the hemlock spears at close range, I was certain anything was better than coming up in the keyhole.

Once underwater I experienced a curious, dreamlike mood. After the dive I do not recall swimming, but seem to remember being pulled by a down-welling current. Probably this was directly under the keyhole. Adrenalin, shock, some physiological phenomenon insulated me from the cold. I was comfortable and seemed to have all the time in the world. I opened my eyes, could not see any one thing distinctly, but thought I was in a beautiful place. I was surprised to find that even below the surface there was white, bubbly water. Like ginger ale, I thought.

Finally, in those very few seconds I was underwater, I became irrationally angry with John. I was not worried about him, nor did I blame him for our trouble. Rather it seemed he should be there, that he had wandered off intentionally, like a bad child, to vex me. It may have been a good thing that I had this strange notion. Otherwise there is no telling how long I might have chosen to float along, warm and wondering, in the river of ginger ale. I came up, as I remember, more to find John than to get air.

Oddly, John had had a somewhat similar reaction about me. We popped up side by side and simultaneously said, "Where the hell have you been?" We floated, treading water, blowing, scowling at each other for a moment, and then began to laugh. We laughed, helplessly, as we dragged the canoe up on a gravel bar. (The canoe capsized, but miraculously came straight through the keyhole without damage.) On the bar we began to shiver from shock and the cold water. Then we started to gabble wildly: what we should have done, what we tried to do on the cliff, what might have happened, why we jumped, how deep we dived. Standing drenched and shaking on the gravel, we became as high as we had been on Friday in the white water, but for different reasons. The day before we had been elated by what we were doing, what we could do in the rapids. On Saturday we were high simply because we were so glad to be standing on the gravel bar.

After a time we calmed down, wrung out our clothes and started down the river. The cross-stream dike and the keyhole were the last obstacles. From there to Royal Glen the river is fast but open. We stayed in the middle and paddled cautiously, respectfully, as though a piece of ferocious white water might leap up at us anytime. AND



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YESTERDAY

Zivic and the Bright-red Cadillac

He was a kid from Pittsburgh and maybe the next world champion—but his mind was on a shiny car

by ROBERT DRUM

It was the afternoon of October 4, 1940 and a flat-nosed little man named Fritzie Zivic pressed his nose even flatter against a large plate-glass window on New York's Eighth Avenue, staring at the shiny new automobiles on the showroom floor. As a kid in the Lawrenceville section of Pittsburgh, Fritzie had pressed his nose against bakery windows in the same hungry way. Now he was to take on Henry Armstrong in Madison Square Garden, and the prize, for Zivic at least, was not so much the welterweight championship of the world as a new Cadillac.

If he won the title, he was prepared to blow the entire purse on a car. He walked into the showroom, his eye on a bright-red convertible. The salesman took one look at the battered lighter's face, at the mail-order suit—then turned his back and fled.

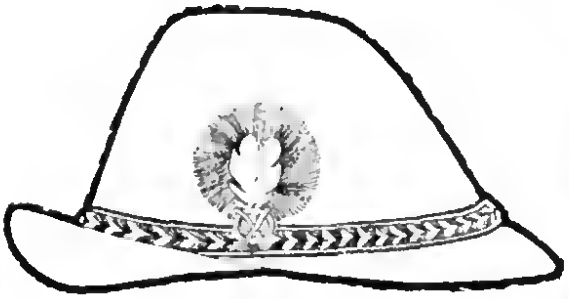
"I followed him into the office," Zivic remembers, "and tried to tell him that I was fighting for the championship of the world in Madison Square Garden in just a few hours. He ignored me."

Back at his hotel, Zivic ate his last meal before the fight—steak, rare, and baked potato—and tried to take a nap. "I couldn't sleep," he says, "but it wasn't because I was nervous about fighting Armstrong. I just couldn't sleep, thinking about how I would look behind the wheel of that Cadillac."

Zivic was still dreaming about the new car when the fighters were introduced to the crowd. The referee, Art Donovan, gave his instructions—and Armstrong promptly belted Zivic back to reality. "When Armstrong started

continued

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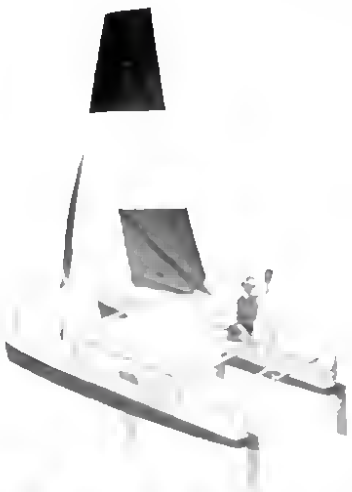
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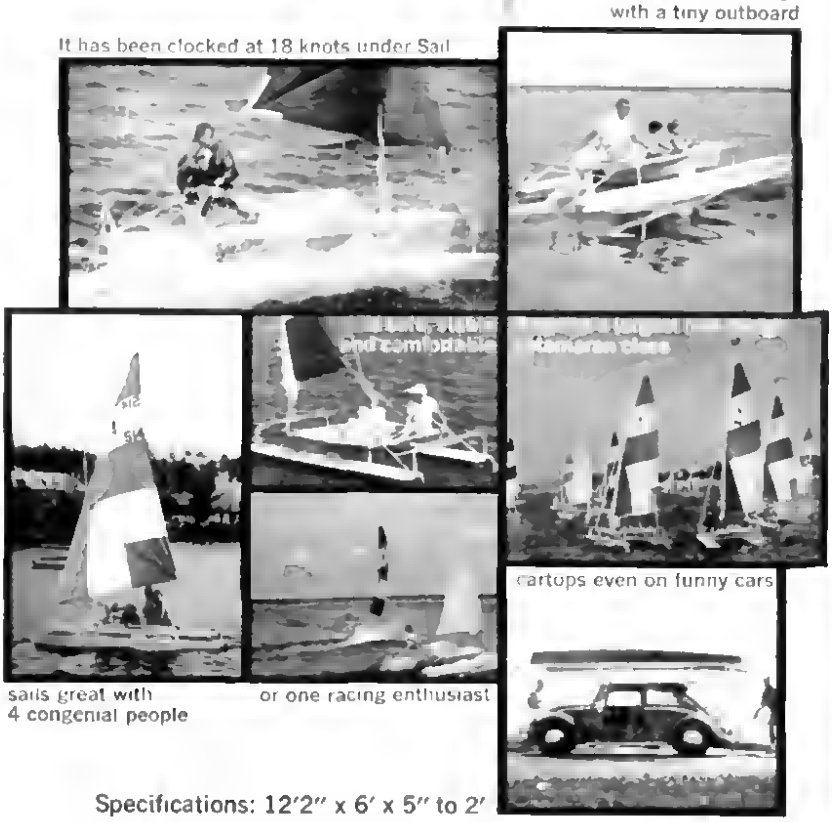
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punching me," says Zivic, "I saw the car turn and head for Chicago. By the time we finished the seventh round, the Cadillac had passed California and was on a boat to Hawaii. Armstrong was helting me around pretty good. As I came out of my corner for the eighth round, that car was close to halfway around the world."

Shortly after the start of the eighth, however, Armstrong hit Zivic with a rabbit punch while moving out of a clinch. Fritzie Zivic had never been mistaken for a boy scout in the ring. He promptly stuck a thumb in Armstrong's eye in retaliation, and the rest of the round rapidly went downhill from there. Eventually, Donovan gave up all hope of restoring order. "If that's the way you boys want to fight, it's all right with me," he said.

"When the referee said that one sentence," Zivic remembers, "the Cadillac turned around and started back on the boat to the United States.

"By the 10th round, the Cadillac was safely in California and headed back East. With the sound of each bell, it was closer to my garage. When the final bell rang, I was all set to drive that big car down the streets of Pittsburgh."

The announcer hellowed over the microphone, "The winner and new champion of the world, Fritzie Zivic."

Zivic collected his share of the purse in cash and went across the street to his room, dumping the money on the bed. Then he bounced the bedspread and watched the bills float around the room. "I thought I was the richest man in the world," he says.

Zivic had a long career after winning the championship—he had his last fight in 1949—but he always treated money as he did in the hotel room the night after the fight.

Red Cochrane won the title from Zivic, and after Fritzie's career was interrupted by wartime service he never did get a chance to win the title back.

Today, Zivic is a familiar figure in Pittsburgh. He sells automobiles, something which he should have learned all about the night of the first Armstrong fight. That was the night he was supposed to achieve his dream of owning a Cadillac.

"You know," he says, "I never did get it. Some smart salesman collared me in the locker room right after the fight and sold me an Oldsmobile." END





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E12

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL There were signs that things were going to be different this season. Sandy Koufax lost a game, the NEW YORK YANKEES (1-3) failed to hit a home run and got off to their worst start since 1930, the NEW YORK METS had their best start ever, losing only four games before getting their first win. The Mets and their new park, Shea Stadium, attracted an astonishing average attendance of 37,000 persons for three home games. And last year's pennant winners—the Dodgers and Yankees—sank to last place.

In first place in the National League was PHILADELPHIA (4-1). The Phillies won three games on homers and hit eight for the week, three by rookie Richie Allen. Leading the majors with six home runs was the incomparable Willie Mays (*see page 22*) of SAN FRANCISCO (4-2). In all, the Giants hit 11 homers and overcame spotty pitching by scoring 10 runs in one inning and nine in another. ST. LOUIS (4-2), however, won on good pitching, the best of which Curt Simmons threw at the Giants to shut them out on three hits. Only a two-out infield single in the ninth by Frank Howard kept Jim Maloney and Julio Tsitouris of CINCINNATI (3-2) from pitching a combined no-hitter against the Dodgers. Also jockeying for position in the early going were PITTSBURGH (3-2), MILWAUKEE (3-3), CHICAGO (2-3 despite belting 11 homers, four of them by Billy Williams) and HOUSTON (2-3, both wins by Ken Johnson on homers by Jim Wynn). Koufax pitched a shutout in the first game, but then LOS ANGELES dropped five in a row.

Superb relief pitching by Stu Miller (two wins and a save) and Wes Stock (one win) enabled BALTIMORE (4-1) to grab the lead in the American League. MINNESOTA (4-2) capitalized on eight home runs, three by another Allen—Bernie, in this case. DETROIT (3-2), CHICAGO (2-3), WASHINGTON (2-4) and KANSAS CITY (1-2) struggled to stay in the running. Ken McBride, with help from Julio Navarro, pitched a one-hitter on opening day as LOS ANGELES (2-2) beat the Senators.

BASKETBALL Wilt Chamberlain was the hero with 39 points as SAN FRANCISCO defeated St. Louis 105-95 to win the Western Division playoffs, four games to three, and make the NBA finals for the first time since 1956. (The champion Warriors of that year, of course, played out of Philadelphia.) Defending Champion BOSTON, far from rusty despite nine days of idleness, rolled over the Warriors 108-96 in the first game of the final series.

BOWLING—WAYNE ZAHN of Atlanta defeated Billy Hardwick 196-179 in the final match to win the $26,000 PBA Lodi (Calif.) Open.

BOXING EDDIE PERKINS of Chicago successfully defended his world junior welterweight title by winning a 15-round decision over Bunny Grant, British Empire lightweight champion, in Kingston, Jamaica.

Middleweight Champion JOEY GIARDELLO got a scare from Rocky Rivero of Argentina but escaped with a split decision in a Cleveland nontitle bout.

In Honolulu, World Welterweight Champion EMILE GRIFFITH knocked out Welterweight Stan Harrington of Honolulu in the fourth round of a nontitle match.

Tiind-ranked Heavyweight ZORA FOLLEY of Chandler, Ariz. and Germany's Heavyweight KARL MILDENBERGER, rated eighth, fought to a 10-round draw in Frankfurt, Germany.

FLYING—Piloting *Spirit of Columbus*, a single-engine Cessna, 38-year-old JERRIE MOCK, a Columbus, Ohio housewife, became the first woman to make a solo flight around the world. She took 29 days to complete the 22,858.8-mile journey, stopping 21 times to refuel.

GOLF Surprising MIKE SOUCHAK of Berwick, Pa. shot a six under-par 278 for four rounds to win the $50,000 Houston Golf Classic by one stroke over favored Jack Nicklaus. It was Souchak's first PGA victory in three years.

MICKEY WRIGHT of Dallas, recovered from a tendon injury, took the second-round lead with a three-under-par 69 and went on to win the 54-hole Betsy Rawls-Peach Blossom Open in Spartanburg, S.C. with 215 strokes.

HARNESS RACING—EXPRESS RODNEY ($15.80), driven by Jimmy Cruise, took the lead in the stretch and won the $25,000 Trader Horn Trot by half a length over Dan's Dandy at Roosevelt Raceway. Favored Su Mac Lad, assigned the outside post, was fourth in the five-horse field, and Driver Stanley Dancer declared he would not again permit Sunrise to be so handicapped but would insist on a draw for positions.

HOCKEY—Detroit and Toronto fought to a two games apiece tie in the Stanley Cup finals. After losing the first game, the Red Wings evened things up by snatching the second, 4-3, on a goal by Larry Jeffrey in sudden-death overtime. Next the Leafs rallied from an 0-3 score to make it 3-3 all but again were defeated 4-3 as Alex Delvecchio hit his Detroit with just 17 seconds remaining. Then, to tie the series, Toronto won 4-2. The Leafs tied the game score 2-2 on a goal by Dave Keon, took the lead on a spectacular 35-foot slap shot by Andy Bathgate and got an additional goal from Frank Mahovlich.

HORSE RACING The field for the 90th Kentucky Derby began taking shape after last week's important preparatory races. At Aqueduct, Rokeby Stables' QUADRANGLE ($14.40), ridden by Bill Hartack, won the 1⅛-mile $89,250 Wood Memorial (*see page 66*) to earn a trip to Churchill Downs. Second- and third-place Mr. Brick and Roman Brother will be going along, too.

In the 1⅛-mile $59,900 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields, William Radkovich and Wilbur Clark saw Derby possibilities in their Wil Rad, second by ¾ length to winner REAL GOOD DEAL, and will have Ismael Valenzuela aboard him in Kentucky.

Meanwhile at Keeneland, Ky., El Paso Ranch's HILL RISE galloped off with the seven-furlong Forerunner Purse, a bettless exhibition race, with Willie Shoemaker in the saddle.

Crompton Smith Jr. rode JAY TRUMP to first place by half a length in the 19-jump Grand National point-to-point race at Butler, Md. for his second straight victory in the Maryland timber circuit. In Middleburg, Va., Mrs. T.A. Randolph's WAIRUS, with Mike Smithwick in the saddle, finished the three-mile, 17-fence Glenwood timber course with 10 lengths to spare in the Middleburg Hunt Invitational.

MOTOR SPORTS Australia's JACK BRABHAM averaged 91.43 mph to win the 200-mile Aintree (England) Grand Prix in one of his own Brabham cars. Britain's Graham Hill was runner-up in a BRM. Jim Clark's Lotus crashed during the race but the 1963 world driving champion jumped clear.

A.J. FOYT of Houston broke his own record for the 100-mile USAC big-car race in Trenton, N.J., averaging 104.529 mph. Jim Hurtubise was second and Bob Marshman third in this last major warmup for the Indianapolis 500 (*see page 74*).

SWIMMING California girls dominated the National AAU Senior Women's Indoor Championships in Pittsburgh. The star was versatile DONNA DE VARONA, 16, of the Santa Clara Swim Club who successfully defended her 1963 titles in the 200- and 400-yard individual medleys, then took the 200-yard butterfly race and anchored both the winning 400-yard freestyle and the medley relay teams.

TENNIS Top-seeded ROY EMERSON of Australia crushed Yugoslavia's left-handed Nicola Pilic 6-1, 6-4, 6-2 in the River Oaks tournament at Houston. Pilic, the first unseeded player in 10 years to reach the River Oaks finals, had upset third-seeded Rafael Osuna of Mexico 7-5, 0-6, 1-6, 6-2, 6-2 in an exhausting semifinal match.

In Los Angeles PANCHO GONZALES, 35, a world pro champion before his retirement in November 1961, announced that he will make a comeback in the 1964 summer circuit opening in Washington next month.

TRACK & FIELD At a meet in Orangeburg, S.C., Florida A&M's BOB HAYES equaled his own world record at 9.1 in the 100-yard dash, then went on to win the 220 in 21.5.

PAUL WILSON, 16, of Downey, Calif., raised the U.S. outdoor high school pole vault record to 15 feet 7 inches at a Walnut, Calif. invitational meet.

MILEPOSTS—INJURED: Powerboat Driver LEE TAYLOR, 29, of Downey, Calif., during a run in pursuit of Donald Campbell's 260.35-mph water speed record, on Lake Hasasu near Parker, Ariz. Unable to brake his jet-propelled aluminum hull after a trial at more than 200 mph, he was forced to leap all into shallow water, suffering multiple fractures in the fall.

SOLD: The New York Mets' left-handed power hitter DUKE SNIDER, 37, who spent 16 seasons in the Dodger outfield before joining the Mets last year, to the San Francisco Giants for an estimated $30,000.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—R. Lee Hunter; 22, 27—Ken Rush; 24, 25—[illegible]; 29—Ned Haber; 30, 37—Fred Wood; Bruce Stoc; 55, 56—Ned Haber; 64—AP; 66—Ken Kerr; 89—Dave Mann; John C. Olson; Pittsburgh Post-Gazette; James Drake; New York Herald Tribune; U.S. Air Force.

FACES IN THE CROWD



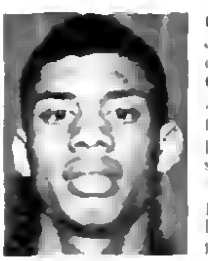
LOU RIECKE, 37, of New Orleans, a weight lifter for the past 20 years, set a world record of 325 pounds for the light heavyweight two-hand snatch at the YMCA championships in Los Angeles, bettering by 2¼ pounds the record of Finland's Jakko Kailajarvi.



GARY PENNEY, 12, of Portland, Me., defeated his brother Larry 21-11, 21-9, 21-12 in the finals of the Portland Boys' Club table tennis tournament. Gary is left-handed, but that was no advantage for him. Larry is his identical twin and a southpaw, too.



MAUREEN HART, 23, an Iowa State University graduate student who took up shooting four years ago at the urging of her brother Mike, outscored 17 men to win the small-bore marksman group title in the Nebraska Rifle Championships in Omaha. Mike was second.



LEW ALCINDOR, 16, a 7-foot ¼-inch junior center on New York City's Power Memorial Academy basketball team who averaged 26 points a game this season, was named to the *Scholastic Coach* 38-player All-American high school squad for the second year in a row.



LIEUT. TOM GOMPF, 25, an Air Force pilot and former All-American diver at Ohio State, left the hospital where he was being treated for German measles just long enough to win the National AAU indoor platform diving title at the Air Force Academy, Colo.



GEORGE PAVLISH, 35, the principal of the Marr-Linn Grade School in Lyons, Ore. and a twice-a-week bowler in nearby Stayton, Ore., rolled a 300 game at the Oregon men's tournament in Eugene. It was the first perfect score in the event's 23-year history.



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Drive in to any U.S. Royal dealer and have him equip your car with a set of tiger paws.

They sound like a collector's item, but they don't cost like one.

U.S.Roval

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RALLY ROUND THE FLAGS

Sirs:

I feel obliged to congratulate you. This is by far the best Baseball Issue (April 13) you have ever published. Keep up the good work.

JOHN C. SCHICK

Roseville, Calif.

Sirs:

I thought your Baseball Issue would never come.

Besides knowing the All-Stars, I now feel I know the bench of every club. Thanks again to your baseball staff for a job well done.

RANDY HINES

Akron

Sirs:

Isn't a straight 4-0 World Series victory enough to convince your baseball staff that the Dodgers are more than just one of the six possible pennant winners in the National League (Scouting Reports)?

It is true that pitching is the only outstanding department of the Dodger team, but pitching is still the name of the game. Strange things do happen to pitchers, but it could be for the better. As good as the pitching staff was last year, there is still margin for improvement.

As for hitting, what do you want—the National League All-Star team? They have two .300 hitters in Tommy Davis and Maury Wills, power in big Frank Howard, clutch hitting with Tommy Davis and Ron Fairly and speed in Maury Wills and Willie Davis, both of whom can turn an ordinary walk into the value of a double. With all this the Dodgers are not just another pennant contender, but the probable flag winner. Ask the Yankees!

OTMAR FISCHBACH

Palisades Park, N.J.

Sirs:

You had a golden opportunity to regain some of your lost stature in the field of prognostication. You blew it. As you say, the Giants, Cardinals, Braves, Reds and Phillies will fight it out—but for second place. The Dodgers, led by Ron and Don and Sandy, should repeat both as National League pennant winners and Yankee executioners.

STEPHEN O'LEARY

Flushing, N.Y.

Sirs:

I personally think that the Minnesota Twins will win the AL pennant, mainly because of power.

Over in the superior league, the Cardinals will win, because any team that can come up with 19 out of 20 games in late August and September, like the Cardinals did last year, has got to win the pennant the next year.

PETER STEAR

Waterbury, Conn.

Sirs:

As a former Minnesotan, I am greatly disturbed by the fact that more than half of the scouting report on the Twins is devoted to their fielding, or lack of it. Very little mention is made of their magnificent hitting and splendid pitching. Also, only token tribute is paid to the Twin injuries, while those of the Yankees are greatly exaggerated. Of course, an injury which keeps your only .300 hitter out of the lineup for six weeks and one which keeps a 20-game winner out of the starting rotation for eight turns are extremely insignificant when compared to those of Mickey Mantle (who spends a great deal of every season on the bench because of injuries, anyway) and those of Roger Maris (the greatest one-season glory boy in the history of baseball).

GREG ELLSWORTH

Lynnfield, Mass.

Sirs:

How you can pick the Kansas City Athletics to finish 10th, behind the Washington Senators, is completely beyond me. You say that the A's traded away "half an infield" to acquire Colavito and Gentile. What is Gentile supposed to be, a catcher? Your article says that rightfielder Gino Cimoli is slow. Maybe you ought to check your statistics. Who led the American League in triples in 1962? Finally, John (Buzz-bomber) Wyatt is more than a "kookie right-hander with a language all his own" to the A's and to Kansas City fans.

JEFF MAGALIF

Mission, Kans.

Sirs:

As a subscriber, I demand that you do not knock the Mets' Rod Kanehl any more. I like him (and so does Casey Stengel).

An army of two million is behind me.

LES GORDAN

Fort Lee, N.J.

Sirs:

Whoever scouted the Chicago White Sox must have been watching some other team, otherwise you certainly would know what a fine fielder Joe Cunningham is. Anyone who has seen him play knows that he handles first base as well as anyone in the league. His ability to stretch like an acrobat helps make many additional double plays over the course of a season.

RICHARD REINISH

Glencoe, Ill.

HORSEPLAY

Sirs:

Being horseplayers and members of the "horsey set" ourselves as well as yearly contestants in the Kentucky Club wrapper game, we here in Gladwyne, Pa. were extremely glad to see the article, *Big Risk for Pipe Smokers* (April 13). I know that many people, as we here, wondered what ever happened to the colt that was won each year and to those people who were "lucky" enough to win him. Now we know.

It is easy to see that the same magic charm that captured the 5-10 in Mexico extends to the typewriter too—and if it carries on to his other pursuits, Author Ernest Havemann better buy himself another horse blanket. Maybe he should buy a large one while he's at it—the "prize" may be too weak to stand for too long.

PHIL MEYER

Gladwyne, Pa.

Sirs:

As a 13-year-old who has entered the horse-naming contest the last three years, and with four entries going this year, I was dismayed to read that the past winners all seem to be adults.

CAROL ERICKSON

Deerfield, Ill.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sirs:

Writers and teleeasters constantly refer to the Masters as the most coveted golf championship in the world. Mark McCormack's article, *Shoot for a Million* (April 6), supports this idea. But let's be realistic. If you took a poll among the golfers on the pro tour today regarding the title they'd most like to win, a majority would undoubtedly name the U.S. Open.

Ask Sam Snead (and read Tony Lema, *This One Is Fun, But the Open Is Torture*, in your same issue). The greatest pressure ever to be found on golfers in a tournament is found during the National Open. Ask Jack Nicklaus. The last two rounds of the Open are played on the same day and present a tremendous test of consistency for the player. Ask Ben Hogan. The Open is never played on the same course two years in a row, so the advantage of familiarity is absent. Ask Arnold Palmer. Finally, a golfer is much more likely to be remembered for what he did or did not do in the Open rather than the Masters.

We witnessed a great tournament and a great performance by Arnold Palmer at Augusta. But wait till June. That's when the big one comes up.

DAVID C. MCNAIR

New York City

continued

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Sirs:

I am an Augusta resident who is attending school in New York. I came across an article in an Augusta newspaper that said the Bon Air Hotel had been terribly misrepresented in your April 6 issue. I knew that I had to buy "yawl's" magazine to see how "yawl" could have talked bad about our Bon Air.

I must say with all honesty that I have never laughed so loud and so much in my life. Although I won't be able to attend this year's Masters, your article surely put me in the spirit of things—and that is what makes the Masters the great tournament that it is.

JOAN S. DAVIS

New York City

SNAKE EYES

Sirs:

John O'Reilly's article on Florida's rattlesnake rodeos (*Rattling for Tourists*, April 13) may impress some of your readers who had never heard of such a sport, but to those who attend hunts in Texas and Oklahoma every year it was far from impressive.

True, Florida hunters may catch the largest snakes but Sooners and Texans catch the most. The 39 snakes which took first prize at the Chipley rodeo would hardly have placed in a Texas hunt where as many reptiles may be taken out of a single den and hunt totals may run up to three or four thousand snakes a year. The western diamondback, native to my area, may not grow quite so large as the eastern variety, but it can kill you just as dead.

Each of the six years that the Junior Chamber of Commerce has sponsored Texas' Sweetwater Rattlesnake Roundup, hunters from throughout the Southwest have been in attendance.

Some highlights of the roundup are the crowning of the Rattlesnake Queen, a rattlesnake dance, meals of rattlesnake meat, daily demonstrations in handling of rattlesnakes, treatment of their bites and extraction of their venom (all conducted by an expert handler), and a Texas Wildlife Commission exhibit depicting the native Texas wildlife. I might also point out that this year's qualified snake expert was bitten at a small hunt before the large Sweetwater roundup even began and was unable to attend. The expert, Shelly Downs, was from Florida.

DAVID DENSMORE

Canyon, Texas

Sirs:

Those big snakes may put Chipley on the map (first I ever heard of it, and we *love* Florida!), but only as one *sure* place to avoid! So what else is new?

MRS. TED WEISKOTTEN

University City, Mo.

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(continued from front flap of this insert)

account executive, having given up a position as advertising director for a large maker of women's apparel, including corsets."

The magazines Mr. Gribbin referred to are *Time* and *Life*. The Oscar was for the movie "Sunset Boulevard." The apparel maker is The Warner Bros. Co. The man is Mac Marshman, who is the supervisor on the SI account. He has indeed many talents straight out of 15th Century Florence. SI took advantage of one of them when Mac and his fellow creators were asked to come forth with an advertising campaign which would win for SI some Oscars (and business) of its own.

Their plan was to hammer out a bold and competitive campaign that would speak success and give the facts. They devised the slogan: "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED...each week the facts add up to success." To get a unify-



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED... each week the facts add up to success.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED... each week the facts add up to success



SI reaches 635 males per 100 copies. More than Life, Look, the Post or Time—and at the lowest cost per thousand 1st—$1.17. What a market for everything from electric knives and shoe polishers to electric shavers and blenders.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED... each week the facts add up to success.



SI soars above the other newsweeklies reaching 1.5 domestic air travelers per copy—51 weeks a year

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ing symbol for the campaign, they reasoned this way: SI's readers and its advertisers have for some time now been shortening our official full-dress name "Sports Illustrated" to "SI." Why not capitalize on this familiar contraction to give SI a trademark?

The advertisements shown here are just some of the scores of different ads, using the SI symbol, which have been placed in various media by Y&R and SI. You'll be seeing more as the year goes on. (If the symbol also looks like a dollar sign, that's as happy an intentional coincidence as you could ask for. After all, money is a mark of success!)

Steve Kelly

ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR







SHORT...SWEET...STOWAWAY

Meet Evinrude's new 9½ hp Sportwin ... the compact motor along motor ... to live in your car trunk.

Never before ... been able to pack so much fishing motor performance in ... car trunk space. Just 34 inches top to prop ... inches shorter than a "5". The handle folds down, the controls are ... on the way to front and the ... stows ... flat.

But don't let ... size fool you. ... Sportwin ... packs ... Plenty ... load of ... Rugged ... boats at a ... Runs 80 miles and ... on a tank of fuel. It starts ... a "3". Tilts at a touch. Locks ... different positions.

It sounds even smaller than it looks. If we made it any quieter you couldn't tell when it was running. It's that smooth.

But don't take our word for it. See and hear it at your Evinrude dealer ... (he's listed in the Yellow Pages). Catalog free. Write Evinrude Motors, 4... N. 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53216.

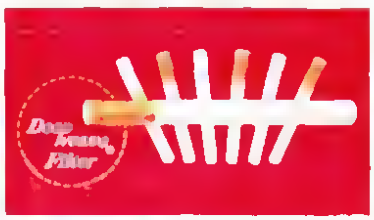


DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION

Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter and the taste that's right!



Viceroy is scientifically made to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong . . . not too light . . .
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.



SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands and you'll agree some taste too strong . while others taste too light But Viceroy— with the Deep-Weave Filter— tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste That's right!

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